

THE

White Devil,

OR,

VITTORIA COROMBONA

A Lady of VENICE

A

TRAGEDY

By John Webster.

Acted (formerly by Her Majesties Servants) at
the Phoenix in Drury-lane; And AT THIS PRESENT
(by His now Majesties) at the

THEATRE ROYAL.

Non inferiora secutus.

L O N D O N:

Printed by G. Miller for John Playfere, at the White Lion in the
upper Walk of the New Exchange, and William Crooke at the
three Bibles on Fleet-Bridge, 1665.

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Now inferior to none.

LONDON

Printed by G. Widdowes, near the Theatre, in the
Street, at the Sign of the New Exchange, and at the
Sign of the Golden Ball, 1652.

To the Reader.

IN Publishing this Tragedy, I do but challenge to my self that Liberty, which either men have to be before me, nor that I affect praise by it, for, nos hæc novimus esse nibil: only since it was Acted; in so open, and black a Theatre, that is named (what which is the only Grace and setting out of a Tragedy) a full and understanding Auditory: and that, since that time, I have heard, most of the people that come to that Play House, resemble those ignorant Asses (who visiting Stationers Shops, their use is not to inquire for good Books; but new Books; I present it to the general view with this confidence.

Nec rhonchos metues malignorum,
Nec Scombris tunicas dabis moleltas.

If it be objected this is no true Dramatick Poem, I shall easily confess it; Non potes in nugis dicere plura meas, Ipse ego quam dixi; willingly, and not ignorantly, have I faulted: for should a man present to such an Auditory the most sententious Tragedy that ever was written, observing all the critical Laws, as height of Stile, and gravity of Person; enrich it with the sententious Chorus, and as it were, enliven Death, in the passionate and weighty Nuntius: yet after all this divine Rapture, O dura messorum ilia, the breath that comes from the uncapable multitude, is able to poison it, and ere it be Acted, let the Author resolve to fix to every Scene, this of Horace,

—Hæc hodie Porcis comedenda relinques.

To those, who report I was a long time in finishing this Tragedy, I confess, I do not write with a Goose-quill, winged with two feathers, and if they will needs make it my fault, I must answer them with that

To the Reader.

of Euripides to Alcestides, a Tragick writer Alcestides shewing that Euripides had only in three days composed three verses, whereas himself had written three hundred: Thence it is much (quoth he) but here's the difference, thine shall only be read for three days, whereas mine shall continue three ages.

Detraction is the sworn friend to ignorance: For mine own part I have ever truly cherish'd my good opinion of other mens worthy Labours, especially of that full and brightned stile of Master Chapmans: The learned and understanding works of Master Johnson: The most worthy compositions of the both worthy, excellent Master Beaumont, and Master Fletcher: And lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right happy, and copious industry of Master Shakespear: Master Decker, and Master Heywood, wishing, what I write, may be read by their light: Professing, that, in the strength of mine own judgement, I know them so worthy, that I though I rest silent in my own work, yet do most of theirs I dare (without flattery fix) that of Martial.

— non norunt Hæc monumenta mori;

Books

Books newly Printed for William

Crooke, at the three Bibles on Fleet-bridge, 1665.

H*ic & Ubique*, or the Humours of Dublin: A Comedy often Acted at Dublin; written by R. H.

Some years *Travell* into divers parts of *Africa* and *Asia*, the great, describing the Empires of *Persia* and *Industan*: interwoven with remarkable occurrences as happened in those parts during these late times: As also many other rich and famous Kingdoms in the Oriental *India*, with the Isles adjacent, severally relating their Religious Customs, and Habits, as also proper observations concerning them, now the 3d. time printed, with large additions of nigh a 3d. part more then the former Impressions, bound with the addition of many new Brass Pictures, all by the Author Sir *The Harbert* yet living 1665.

There is newly engraven the so much desired Cuts or Pictures to the Old Testament, all lively done, to fit Bibles of all Volumes, small and great, 1665.

Sixty nine Enigmatical Characters, all exactly drawn to the Life, from several Persons, Humours, and Dispositions pleasant and full of delight, the second Impression; by the Author R. F. Esq; 1665.

The famous and delightful History of Saint *George* the Patron of *England*; shewing all his Life, Achievements, Miracles, and Deeds of Renown, with his Conversion of *Arabia*, being the exactest relation ever was Printed, by the 16. years industry of *T. Lowick Gent.*

Calliope's Cabinet Opened; wherein Gentlemen may be informed how to adorn themselves for Funerals, Feastings, and other Herboick Meetings, also here they may know their places of worth, with all the degrees and distinctions of Honour in the Realm: Shewing how every one ought to take place, with their Titles due to them, with other things of Antiquity very observable, by *James Salter* 1665.

The

The *Regal Soma*, being an Account of all the Remarkable Actions either by Land or Sea, in these Kingdoms since *William* the Conquerors time to this year 1665. With the Picture of King *Charles* the Second in the middle. All in a broad Sheet of Paper, fit to hang in Houses, Closets, or Chambers.

Books newly Printed for John Pleyfere,

at the *White Lyon* in the upper Walk of the new *Exchange*.

Three New Plays; (viz) *Selinda*, *Pandora*, and *Ornifer*,
Written by Sir *William Killigrew*, Vice-Chamberlain to Her
Majesty the Queen Consort.

Berinthia, A new Romance.

Accademical Discourse.

Juvenalia Sacra.

Overburies Charrellers.

Eardes Charrellers.

Courtship A-la mode.

Amorous Oriental; or *The Love in fashion*: A new Comedy.

The

The Persons.

MONTICELSO.—*A Cardinal; Afterwards, Pope Paul the fourth.*

FRANCISCO } *Duke of Florence; in the fourth Act*
de Medicis. } *disguis'd for a Moor, under the*
name of Mulinassar.

BRACHIANO.—*Otherwise Paulo Giordano Ursini; Duke of Brachiano; Husband to Isabella, and in love with Vittoria.*

GIOVANNI.—*His Son, by Isabella.*

LODOVICO.—*An Italian Count, but decay'd.*

ANTONELLI. } *His Friends, and Dependants of the*
GASPARO. } *Duke of Florence.*

CAMILLO.—*Husband to Vittoria.*

HORTENSIO.—*One of Brachiano's Officers.*

MARCELLO.—*An attendant of the Duke of Florence, and Brother to Vittoria.*

FLAMINEO.—*His Brother; Secretary to Brachiano.*

JAKUES.—*A Moor, Servant to Giovanni.*

ISABELLA.—*Sister to Francisco de Medicis, and Wife to Brachiano.*

VITTORIA.—*A Venetian Lady, first Marry'd to*

COROMBONA. } *Camillo, afterwards to Brachiano.*

CORNELIA.

CORNELIA.—*Mother to Vittoria, Flammeo, and Marcello*

ZANCHE.—*A Moor, servant to Vittoria.*

*Embassadors,
Courtiers,
Lawyers,
Officers.*

*Physicians,
Conjurers,
Armourers,
Attendants.*

The Scene, ITALY.

In Mentem Authoris,

Scire velis quid sit Mulier? que Pars sit astra?

En tibi, si sapias, cum sale mille sales.

J. W.

THE
TRAGEDY
 OF
PAULO GIORDANO

Ursini Duke of Brachiano, and Vittoria Corombona.

Act I.
Enter Count Lodovico, Antonelli, and Gasparo.

Lodovico.

B Anisht? *Anto.* It griev'd me much to hear the sentence.

Lod. Ha, ha, O *Democritus*, thy Gods
 That govern the whole world, Courtly reward,
 And punishment-Fortune's a right whore.

If she give ought, she deals it in small parcels,
 That she may take away all at one swop.
 This 'tis to have great enemies, God quit them;
 Your wolf no longer seems to be a wolf
 Then when she's hungry. *Gasp.* You term those enemies
 Are men of Princely rank? *Lod.* Oh, I pray for them.
 The violent thunder is adored by those
 Are dasht in pieces by it. *Anto.* Come my Lord,
 You're justly doom'd; look but a little back
 Into your former life: you have in three years
 Ruin'd the Noblest Earldom. *Gasp.* Your followers
 Have swallowed you like Mummy, and being sick
 With such unnatural and horrid Physick,
 Vomit you up i'th kennel. *Anto.* All the damnable degrees

B

Of

Vittoria Corombona.

Of drinkings have you stagger'd through, one Citizen
Is Lord of two fair Mannors, call you matter,
Only for Caviare. *Gas.* Those Noblemen
Which were invited to your prodigal feasts,
Wherein the Phenix scarce could scape your throats,
Laugh at your misery, as fore-deeming you,
An idle Meteor which drawn forth the earth,
Would be soon lost i'th air, *Anto.* Jest upon you,
And say you were begotten in an Earthquake,
You have ruin'd such fair Lordships? *Lodo.* Very good.
This Well goes with two buckets, I must tend
The pouring out of either. *Gas.* Worse then these,
You have acted, certain Murders here in *Rome*,
Bloody and full of horror. *Lod.* 'Las they were flea-bitings:
Why took they not my head then? *Gas.* O my Lord
The law doth sometimes mediate, thinks it good.
Not ever to steep violent sins in blood:

This gentle penance may both end your crimes,
And in the example better these bad times.
Lod. So, but I wonder then some great men scape
This banishment; ther's *Paulo*, *Giordano*, *Ursini*;
The Duke of *Brachiano*, now lives in *Rome*,
And by close Pandarism seeks to prostitute
The honour of *Vittoria Corombona*:

Vittoria, she that might have got my pardon
For one kisse to the Duke. *Anto.* Have a full man within you:
We see that Trees bear no such pleasant fruit
There where they grew first, as where they are new set.
Perfumes the more they are chaf'd, the more they render
Their pleasing fents, and affliction
Expresseth vertue, fully, whether true,
Or else adulterate. *Lod.* Leave your painted comforts
He make *Italian* cut-works in their guts
If ever I return. *Gas.* O Sir. *Lod.* I am patient,
I have seen some ready to be executed,
Give pleasant looks, and money, and grown familiar
With the knave hangman, so do I, I thank them,

And

Vittoria Corombona.

And would account them nobly merciful
Would they dispatch me quickly. *Anso.* Fare you well,
We shall find time I doubt not to repeal
Your banishment. *Lod.* I am ever bound to you : *Enter*
This is the worlds alms ; pray make use of it, *' Senat.*
Great men sell sheep, thus to be cut in pieces,
When first they have shorn them bare, and sold their fleeces.

Exunt.

Enter Brachiano, Camillo, Flaminius, Vittoria Corombona.

Bra. Your best of rest. *Vir.* Unto my Lord the Duke,
The best of welcome. More lights: Attend the Duke.

Bra. Flaminius. Fla. My Lord. *Bra.* Quite lost *Flaminius.*

Fla. Pursue your noble wishes, I am prompt
Aslightning to your service, O my Lord !
The Fair *Vittoria*, my happy Sister

Shall give you present audience, gentlemen ; *whisper*
Let the caroach go on, and 'tis his pleasure
You put out all your torches, and depart.

Bra. Are we so happy ? *Fla.* Can't be otherwise ?
Observ'd you not to night my honour'd Lord
Which way so ere you went, she threw her eyes,
I have dealt already with her Chamber-maid
Zanche the Moor, and she is wondrous proud
To be the agent for so high a spirit.

Bra. We are happy above thought, because 'bove merit:

Fla. 'Bove merit ! we may now talk freely : 'bove merit !
what i't you doubt ? her Coyneless that's but the superficies of lust
most women have ; yet why should Ladies blush to hear that
nam'd, which they do not fear to handle ? O they are politick,
They know our desire is increased by the difficulty of injoying ;
where a satiety is a blunt : weary and drowsie passion, if the But-
tery hatch at Court stood continually open there would be no-
thing so passionate crowding, nor hot suit after the beverage.

Bra. O but her jealous husband.

Fla. Hang him, a gilder that hath his brains perisht with
quick-

Vittoria Corombona.

quick-silver is not more cold in the Liver. The great Barriers
moulted not more feathers, then he hath shed hairs, by the con-
fession of his Doctor. An Irish Gamester that will play himself
naked, and then wage all downwards, at hazard, is not more venter-
ous. So unable to please a woman that like a Dutch doubler, all
his back is shrunk into his Breeches

Shrowd you within this closet, good my Lord,
Some trick now must be thought on to divide
My Brother in-law from his fair bed-fellow.

Bra. O should she fail to come.

Fla. I must not have your Lordship thus unwisely amorous:
I my self have loved a Lady, and pursued her with a great deal
of under-age protestation, whom, some 3 or 4 gallants that have
enjoyed, would with all their hearts have been glad to have been
rid of: 'Tis just like a Summer Bird-cage in a Garden, the Birds
that are without, despair to get in, and the birds that are within,
despair, and are in a Consumption for fear they shall never get
out: away, away my Lord.

Enter Camillo.

See here he comes, this fellow by his apparel
Some men would judge a Politician,
But call his wit in question, you shall find it
Meerly an Ass in's foot cloath.

How now Brother? what travelling to bed to your kind wife?

Cam. I assure you Brother no; My voyage lies
More Northerly, in a far colder clime;

I do not well remember, I protest, when I last lay with her.

Fla. Strange you should loose your Count.

Cam. We never lay together, but ere morning
Their grew a flaw between us. *Fla.* 'Thad been your part
To have made up that flaw.

Cam. True, but she loaths I should be seen in't.

Fla. Why sir, what's the matter?

Cam. The Duke your master visits me I thank him,
And I perceive how like an earnest bowler,
He very passionately leans that way,
He would have his bowl run.

Fla. I hope you do not think,

Cam.

Vittoria Corombona.

Cam. That Noblemen bowl booty, Faith, his cheek
Hath a most excellent Bias: it would fain jump with my Mistress.

Fla. Will you be an Ass, or a Cuckold,
Despight your *Aristotle*, or a Cuckold.

Contrary to your *Ephemerides*,
Which shews you under what a smiling Planet
You were first swadled,

Cam. Pew wew, Sir tell not me
Of Planets nor of *Ephemerides*:
A man may be made Cuckold in the day-time
When the Stars eyes are out. *Fla.* Sir, God boy you,
I do commit you to your pitiful pillow

Stuff wick horn-shavings. *Cam.* Brother, *Fla.* God refuse me
Might I advise you now, your only course
Were to lock up your wife. *Cam.* I were very good.

Fla. Bar her the sight of revels. *Cam.* Excellent.
Fla. Let her not go to Church, but like a bound
In Leon at your heels. *Cam.* I were for her honour.

Fla. And so you should be certain in one fortnight,
Despight her chastity or innocence
To be Cuckolded, which yet is in suspense:
This is my counsel, and I ask no fee for't,

Cam. Come you know not were my night-cap wrings me.

Fla. Were it oth'd old fashion, let your large ears come
through, it will be more easie, nay I will be bitter, bar your wife
of her entertainment: women are more willingly and more glo-
riously chaste, when they are least restrained of their liberty. It
seems you would be a fine Capricious Mathematically jealous
Coxcomb, take the height of your own horns with a *Jacobs* staff
afore they are up. These politick inclosures for paltry Mutton,
makes more rebellion in the flesh, than all the provocative Ele-
ctuaries Doctors have uttered since the last Jubilee.

Cam. This doth not physick me.

Fla. It seems you are Jealous, ile shew you the error of it by
a familiar example: I have seen a pair of spectacles fashioned
with such perspective art, that lay down but one twelve pence
oth'board, it will appear as if there were twenty, now should you
wear

Vittoria Corombona.

wear a pair of these spectacles, and see your Wife tying her shooe, you would imagine twenty hands were taking up of your Wives clothes, and this would put you into a horrible causeless fury.

Cam. The fault there, Sir, is not in the eye-sight.

Fla. True, but they that have the Yellow Jaundise, think all objects they look on to be yellow. Jealousie is worse; her fits present to a man, like so many Bubbles in a Basen of water, twenty several crabbed faces, many times makes his own shadow his Cuckold-maker. * See she comes, what reason have you to be jealous of this creature? what an ignorant Ass or flattering Knave might he be counted, that should write Sonnets to her eyes; or call her brow, the snow of Ida, or Ivory of Corinth, or compare her hair to the Black-birds Bill, when 'tis liker the Black-birds Feather. This is all: Be wise, I will make you Friends: and you shall go to bed together, marry look you, it shall not be your seeking, do you stand upon that by any means, walk you aloof; I would not have you seen in't. Sister, my Lord attends you in the Banqueting-house, your Husband is wondrous discontented.

Vir. I did nothing to displease him, I carved to him at supper-time.

Fla. You need not have carved him in faith, they say he is a Capon already; I must now seemingly fall out with you. Shall a Gentleman so well descended as *Camillo*.—a lousie slave, that within this twenty years rode with the Black guard in the Dukes carriage 'mongst spits and dripping-pans.

Cam. Now he begins to tickle her.

Fla. An excellent Scholler, one that hath a head fill'd with Calves brains without any sage in them,—come crouching in the hams to you for a nights lodging—that hath an itch in's hams, which like the fire at the Glasse-house hath not gone out this seven years—is he not a Courdly Gentleman,—when he wears white Sattin, one would take him by his black muffle to be no other creature then a Maggot, you are a goodly Foile, I confess, well set out—but cover'd with a false stone, yon counterfeite Diamond,

Cam.

Vittoria Corombona.

Cam. He will make her know what is in me.

Fla. Come, my Lord attends you; thou shalt go to bed to my Lord. *Cam.* Now he comes to't.

Fla. With a relish as curious as a Vintner going to taste new Wine, I am opening your case hard.

Cam. A Vertuous Brother on my credit.

Fla. He will give thee a Ring, with a Philosophers Stone in it.

Cam. Indeed I am studying Alchemy.

Fla. Thou shalt lie in a Bed stuf with Turtles feathers, swoon in perfum'd linnen, like the fellow was smothered in Roses, so perfect shall be thy happiness, that as men at Sea, think Land, and Trees, and Ships go, that way they go; so, both heaven and earth shall seem to go your Voyage. Shalt meet him, 'tis fixt, with nails of Diamonds to inevitable necessity.

Vit. How shalt rid him hence?

Fla. I will put Brees in's rail, set him gadding presently, I have almost wrought her to it, I find her coming, but might I advise you now for this night I would not lie with her, I would cross her humour to make her more humble.

Cam. Shall I, shall I?

Fla. It will shew in you a Supremacy of Judgment.

Cam. True, and a mind differing from the tumultuary opinion, for, *qua negata, grata.*

Fla. Right: you are the Adamant shall draw her to you, though you keep distance off.

Cam. A Philosophical reason.

Fla. Walk by her orb. Noblemans fashion, and tell her you will lie with her at the end of the Progress.

Cam. Vittoria, I cannot be induc'd, or as a man would say, incited. *Vit.* To do what Sir?

Cam. To lie with you to night; your silk-worm useth to fast every third day, and the next following, spins the better. To morrow at night I am for you.

Vit. You'l spin a fair thread, trust to't.

Fla. But do you hear, I shall have you steal to her Chamber about midnight.

Camil. Do you think so; why look you Brother, because you

Vittoria Corombona.

you shall not think he gull you, take the key, lock me into the chamber, and say you shall be sure of me.

Fla. In troath I will, he be your Jaylor once,
But have you near a false door.

Cam. A pox on't, as I am a Christian-tell me to morrow how scurvily she takes my unkind parting.

Fla. I will. *Cam.* Didst thou not make the jest of the silk-worm? goodnight, in faith I will use this trick often.

Fla. Do, do, do. *Exi Camillo.*
So now you are safe. Ha, ha, ha, thou intanglest thy self in thine own work like a silkworm.

Enter Brachiano.
Come sister, darkness hides your blush, women are like curst dogs, cruelty keeps them tyed all day time, but they are let loose at midnight, then they do most good or most mischief, my Lord, my Lord.

Bra. Give credit: I could with time would stand still,
And never end this interview this hour, *Zanche brings out a Carpet,*
But all delight doth it self soon't devour. *Spreads it and lays on*
Let me into your bosom happy Lady, *is two fair Cushions.*
Pour out instead of Eloquence my vows, *Enter Cornelia.*
Loose me not Madam, for if you forgoe me I am lost eternally.

Vit. Sir, in the way of pity I wish you heart-whole.

Bra. You are a sweet Physician.

Vit. Sure sir a loathed cruelty in Ladies
Is as to Doctors many Funerals: It takes away their credit.

Bra. Excellent Creature.

We call the cruel fair, what name for you

That are so merciful? *Zan.* See now they close.

Fla. Most happy union.

Cor. My fears are slain upon me, oh my heart!

My Son the pandar: now I find our house

Sinking to ruine. Earthquakes leave behind

Where they have tyranniz'd iron, lead, or stone,

But woe to ruine, violent lust leaves none.

Bra. What value is this Jewel?

Vit. 'Tis the ornament of a weak fortune.

Bra. Insooth I have it, nay I will but change

Vittoria Corombona.

My Jewel for your Jewel. *Fla.* Excellent,
His Jewel for her Jewel, well put in Duke.

Bra. Nay let me see you wear it. *Vis.* Here Sir.

Bra. Nay lower, you shall wear my Jewel lower.

Fla. That's better, she must wear his Jewel lower.

Vis. To pass away the time, I'll tell your Grace

A dream I had last night. *Bra.* Most wishedly.

Vis. A foolish idle dream:

Methought I walk about the mid of night,

Into a Church-yard, where a goodly *Ewe* Tree

Spread her large root in ground, under that *Ewe*,

As I sate sadly leaning on a grave,

Checkered with cross-sticks, there came stealing in

Your Dutchesse and my Husband; one of them

A Picax bore, th' other a Rusty Spade,

And in rough terms they 'gan to challenge me,

About this *Ewe*. *Bra.* That Tree.

Vis. This harmless *Ewe*;

They told me my intent was to root up

That well grown *Ewe*, and plant i'th stead of it

A withered black-thorne, and for that they vow'd

To bury me alive: my husband straight

With picax 'gan to dig, and your fell Dutchesse

With shovel, like a Fury, voided out

The earth, and scattered bones: Lord how methought

I trembled, and yet for all this terror

I could not pray. *Fla.* No, the Devil was in your dream.

Vis. When to my rescue there arose methought

A whirlwind, which let fall a massy arm

From that strong plant;

And both were struck dead by that sacred *Ewe*

In that base shallow grave that was their due.

Fla. Excellent Devil!

She hath taught him in a dream

To make away his Dutchesse, and her Husband.

Bra. Sweetly shall I interpret this your dream,

You are lodg'd within his arms who shall protect you,

Victoria Carombana.

From all the fevers of a Jealous Husband,
From the poor envy of our flagmatick Dutchesse,
I'll seat you above law and above scandal
Give to your thoughts the invention of delight
And the fruition, not the Government
Divide me from you longer, than a care
To keep you great & you shall see me at once,
Be Dukedom, health, wife, children, friends, and all.

Cor. Woe to light hearts they still fore-run our fall.

Flam. What fury rais'd the up & away, away. *Exit Zanche.*

Cor. What make you here my Lord this dead of night?
Never dropt me dew on a flower here, till now.

Flam. I pray, will you go to bed then,
Least you be blasted. *Cor.* O that this fair Garden,
Had with all poysoned herbs of *Thessaly*,
At first been planted, made a Nursery
For Witch-craft; rather then a burial plot
For both your Honours. *Vis.* Dearest mother hear me.

Cor. O thou dost make my brow bend to the earth,
Sooner then nature; see the Curse of Children,
In life they keep us frequently in tears;
And in the cold grave leaves us in pale fears.

Brac. Come, come, I will not hear you.

Vis. Dear my Lord.

Cor. Where is thy Dutchesse now adulterous Duke?
Thou little dream'st this night she is come to Rome.

Flam. How? come to Rome. *Vis.* The Dutchesse.

Brac. She had been better.

Cor. The lives of Princes should like Dials move,
Whose regular example is so strong,
They make the times by them go right, or wrong.

Flam. So have you done. *Cor.* Unfortunate Camilla.

Vis. I do protest, if any chaste denial,
If any thing but blood, could have allay'd
His long suit to me.

Cor. I will joyne with thee,
To the most woful end ere mother kneel'd,

Vittoria Corombona,

If thou dishonour thus thy Husbands bed, should be smelt out
Be thy life short as are the Funeral tears had I an I O
In great mens. *Bra.* Fie, fie, the woman's mad. blow

Co. Be thy act *Judas like*, betray in killing
Mayest thou be envied during his short breath,
And piced like a wretch after his death.

Vit. O me accutit. *Exit Vittoria*

Fla. Are you out of your wits, my Lord,
I'll fetch her back again? *Bra.* No I'll to bed.
Send Doctor *Julio* to me presently,
Uncharitable woman thy rash tongue
Hath rais'd a fearful and prodigious storm,
Be thou the cause of all ensuing harm.

Fiam. Now, you that stand so much upon your honour,
Is this a fitting time a night think you,
To send a Duke home without ere a man?
I would fain know where lies the mass of wealth
Which you have whoorded for my maintenance,
That I may bear my beard out of the level
Of my Lords Stirop. *Cor.* What? because we are poor,
Shall we be vicious? *Fiam.* Pray what means have you
To keep me from the Gallies, or the Gallows;
My father prov'd himself a Gentleman,
Sold all's land, and like a fortunate fellow,
Dyed ere the money was spent. You brought me up,
At *Padua* I confess, where I protest
For want of means (the University iudge me)
I have been fain to heel my Tutors stockings
At least seven years; Conspiring with a beard
Made me a Graduate, then to this Dukes service,
I visited the Court, whence I return'd:
More courteous, more lecherous by far,
But not a suit the richer, and shall I,
Having a path so open, and so free
To my preferment, still retain your milk
In my pale forehead, no, this face of mine
I'll arm and fortifie with lusty Wine.

Vittoria Corombona.

'Gainst shame and blushing.

Cor. O that I ne'r had born thee.

Fla. So would I.

I would the common'st Curtezan in *Rome*

Had been my Mother rather than thy self.

Nature is very pitiful to Whores;

To give them but few Children, yet those Children

Plurality of fathers, they are sure

They shall not want. Go, go,

Complain unto my great Lord Cardinal,

It may be he will justify the act.

Lucio wondred much, men would provide

Good stallions for their Mares, and yet would suffer

Their fair Wives to be barren.

Cor. Misery of miseries.

Exit Cornelia.

Fiam. The Dutchesse come to Court? I like not that,

W're engag'd to mischief and must on,

As Rivers to find out the Ocean

Flow with crookt bendings beneath forced banks;

Or as we see, to aspire some mountains top,

The way ascends not straight but limitates

The subtle foldings of a Winter snake;

So who knows policy and her true aspect,

Shall find her ways winding, and indirect.

Exit.

A.C. 2.

Enter Francisco de Medicis, Cardinal Medici's Nephew, Isabella,

young Giovanni, with little Jaquar the Moor.

Fra. Have you not seen your husband since you arriv'd?

Isa. Not yet Sir. *Fra.* Surely he is wonderful kind;

If I had such a Dove-house as *Camillo*

I would set fire on't, w'e'r't but to destroy

The Pole-cats that haunt to't, my sweet Cousin.

Gio. Lord Uncle you did promise me a horse,

And armour. *Fra.* That I did my pretty Cousin,

Aracillo see it fitted. *Mar.* My Lord the Duke is here.

Fra. Sister away, you must not yet be seen.

Isa. I do beseech you, treat him mildly,

Let not your rough tongue

Set

Vittoria Corombona.

Set us at louder variance, all my wrongs
Are freely pardoned, and I do not doubt
As men to try the precious Unicorns Horn,
Make of the Powder a preservative circle,
And in it put a Spider : so these arms
Shall charm his poison, force it to obeying,
And keep him chaff from an infected straying.

Fra. I wish it may. Be gone. *Exit.*

Enter Brachiano, and Flaminio.

Void the Chamber:
You are Welcome, will you sit, I pray my Lord,
Be you my Orator, my hearts too full,
I'll second you anon. *Mont.* E're I begin,
Let me intreat your Grace forgo all passion:
Which may be raised by my free discourse.

Bra. As silent as i'th Church you may proceed.

Mont. It is a wonder to your Noble friends,
That you having as 'twere entered the world,
With a free Scepter in your able hand,
And have to th' use of Nature, well applyed
High gifts of learning, should in your prime age
Neglect your awful throne, for the soft down
Of an insatiate bed : oh my Lord,
The Drunkard after all his lavish Cups,
Is dry, and then is sober : so at length,
When you awake from this lascivious dream,
Repentance then will follow, like the Sting
Plac't in the Adders tail : wretched are Princes
When Fortune blasteth but a pretty flower
Of their unweldy crowns ; or ravisheth
But one pearl from their Scepters : but alas !
When they to wilful shipwrack loose good fame,
All Princely Titles perish with their name.

Bra. You have said my Lord. *Mon.* Enough to give you taste
How far I am from flattering your greatness ?

Bra. Now you that are his second, what say you ?
Do not like young Hawks fetch a course about,

You

Vittoria Corombona.

Your game lies fair and for you. *Fran.* Do not fear it
I'll answer you in your own hawking phrase,
Some Eagles that should gaze upon the Sun,
Seldom soar high, but take their lustful ease;
Since they from dunghil birds their prey can seize,
You know *Vittoria.* *Bra.* Yes.

Fran. You shift your shirt there,
When you retire from Tennis. *Bra.* Happily.

Fran. Her husband is Lord of a poor fortune
Yet she wears Cloth of Tissue. *Bra.* What of this?
Will you urge that, my good Lord Cardinal
As part of her confession, at next Shrift,
And know from whence it falls. *Fran.* She is your Strumpet.

Bra. Uncivil Sir, there's Hemlock in thy breath
And that black slander, were she a whore of mine,
All thy loud Cannons, and thy borrowed Switzers,
Thy Gallies, nor thy sworn Confederates,
Durst not supplant her. *Fran.* Let's not talk on Thunder,
Thou hast a wife, our sister, would I had given
Both her white hands to death, bound, and lockt fast
In her last winding sheet, when I gave thee
But one. *Bra.* Thou hadst given a soul to God then.

Fran. True,
Thy ghostly father with all's absolution,
Shall ne're do so by thee. *Bra.* Spit thy poison.

Fran. I shall not need, Lust carries her sharp whip
At her own girdle, look to't, for our anger
Is making thunder-bolts. *Bra.* Thunder? it's faith?

They are but crackers. *Fran.* We'll end it with the Cannon.

Bra. Thou'lt get nought by it, but iron in thy wounds,
And Gunpowder in thy Nostrils. *Fran.* Better that,
Then change perfumes for plaisters. *Bra.* Pity on thee,
'Twere good you'd shew your slaves, or men condemn'd,
Your new plow'd forehead defiance, and I'll meet thee,
Even in a thicket of thy ablest men.

Mon. My Lord, you shall not word it any further
Without a milder limit. *Fran.* Willingly.

Bra.

Vittoria Corombona.

Bra. Have you proclaim'd a Triumph that you bait a Lion
thus. *Mon.* My Lord. *Bra.* I am tame, I am tame, Sir.

Flam. We send unto the Duke for conference
'Bout Levies 'gainst the Pyrates, my Lord Duke
Is not at home; we come our self in person,
Still my Lord Duke is busied; but we fear
When Tyber to each proling passenger
Discovers flocks of wild-ducks, then my Lord
'Bout moulting time, I mean, we shall be certain
To find you sure enough, and I speak with you. *Brach* Ha?

Flam. A meer tale of a Tab, my wondrous are idle;
But to express the Sonnet by natural reason, *Ent. Giovanni.*
When Staggs grow melancholy you'll find the season.

Mon. No more my Lord, here comes a Champion
Shall end the difference between you both,
Your son, the Prince *Giovanni*; see my Lords
What hopes you store in him, this is a casket
For both your Crowns, and should be held like deer:
Now is he apt for knowledge; therefore know
It is a more direct and even way,
To train to vertue those of Princely blood,
By examples then precepts: if by examples,
Whom should he rather strive to imitate
Then his own father? by his pattern then,
Leave him a stock of vertue that may last,
Should fortune rend his Sails, and split his Mast.

Bra. Your hand boy-growing to a Souldier? *Giv.* Give me a Pike,

Fran. What practising your Pike so young, Fair Cu'z:

Giv. Suppose me one of *Hemmers* Froggs my Lord,
Tossing my Bull-rush thus: pray Sir, tell me,
Might not a child of good discretion
Be Leader to an Army? *Fran.* Yes Cousin, a young Prince
Of good discretion might. *Giv.* Say you so:
Indeed I have heard 'tis fit, a General
Should not endanger his own person oft,
So that he makes a noise when hee's a horseback
Like a Dantzicke Drummer, O 'tis Excellent!

He

Vittoria Corombona.

He need not fight, methinks his horse, as well
Might lead an Army for him, if I live,
I'll charge the French foe in the very Front
Of all my Troops, the formost man. *Fra.* What, what.

Gio. And will not bid my Souldiers up, and follow,
But bid them follow me. *Bra.* Forward Lap-wing,
He flies with the shell on's head. *Fra.* Pretty Cousin,

Gio. The first year Uncle that I go to War,
All Prisoners that I take, I will set free
Without their rancome. *Fra.* Hal without their rancome,
How then will you reward your Souldiers
That took those prisoners for you. *Gio.* Thus my Lord,
I'll marry them to all the Wealthy Widdows
That falls that year. *Fra.* Why then the next year following
You'll have no men to go with you to War.

Gio. Why then, I'll press the Women to the War,
And then the men will follow. *Mon.* Witty Prince.

Fra. See, a good Habit makes a Child a Man,
Whereas a bad one makes a Man a Beast:

Come, you and I are friends. *Bra.* Most wishedly:
Like bones which broke in sunder and well set
Knit the more strongly. *Cra.* Call Camillo hither,
You have received the rumour, how Count Lodewick
Is turn'd a Pirate. *Bra.* Yes. *Fra.* We are now preparing
Some ships to fetch him in: behold your Dutchesse.

Exit Fr.

VVe now will leave you, and expect from you
Nothing but kind intreaty. *Bra.* You have charm'd me.
You are in health we see. *Isa.* And above health
To see my Lord well. *Bra.* So I wonder much,
VWhat amorous whirlwind hurried you to Rome?

Mon. Gio.

Isa. Devotion my Lord. *Bra.* Devotion?
Is your soul charg'd with any grievous sin.

Isa. 'Tis burdened with too many, and I think
The oftner that vve cast our reckonings up,
Our sleeps will be the sounder. *Bra.* Take your Chamber.

Isa. Nay my dear Lord I will not have you angry,
Doth not my absence from you, now two moneths,

Merit

Vittoria Corombona.

Merit one kiss? *Brac.* I do not use to kiss,
If that will dispossesse your jealousy,
I'll swear it to you. *Isa.* O my loved Lord,
I do not come to chide; my jealousy?
I am to learn what that *Italian* means,
You are as welcome to these longing arms,
As I to you a Virgin. *Brac.* O your breath;
Out upon sweet meats, and continued Physick,
The plague is in them. *Isa.* You have oft for these two lips
Neglected *Cassia*, or the natural sweets
Of the Spring-violet, they are not yet much wither'd,
My Lord I should be merry, these your frowns
Shew in a Helmet lovely, but on me,
In such a peaceful interview methinks
They are too roughly knit. *Bra.* O dissemblance!
Do you bandy factions 'gainst me? have you learn't
The trick of impudent baseness to complain
Unto your kindred? *Isa.* Never, my dear Lord.

Brac. Must I be haunted out, or was't your trick
To meet some amorous gallant here in *Rome*
That must supply our discontinuance?

Isa. I pray Sir, burst my heart, and in my death
Turn to your ancient pity, though not love.

Bra. Because your Brother is the corpulent Duke,
That is, the great Duke: S'death I shall not shortly
Racket away five hundred Crowns at Tennis,
But it shall rest upon record: I scorn him
Like a shav'd Pollake, all his reverent Wit
Lies in his Wardrobe, he's a discreet fellow,
When he's made up in his Roabs of state;
Your brother the great Duke, because he's gallies,
And now and then caulsacks a Turkish Sic-boar,
(Now all the bellish Furies take his soul,)
First made this match, accus'd be the Priest
That sang the wedding Mass; and even my issue.

Isa. O too too far you have curst. *Bra.* Your hand I'll kiss,
This is the latest ceremony of my love.

Victoria Coronabim.

Hence-forth i'le never lye with thee, by this
 This wedding-ring: ile ne're more lye with thee
 And this divorce shall be a truly kept
 As if the judge had doom'd to lye you well, this is a common oath
 Our sleeps are sever'd. *Iſa.* Forbid it the sweet union of me
 Of all things blessed; why the Saints in Heaven
 Will knit their browes at this. *Bra.* Let not thy love
 Make thee an unbelieve; this my vow
 Shall never on my soul be satisfied
 With my repentance: Let thy Brother rage
 Beyond a horrid tempest or sea-sight
 My vow is fixed. *Iſa.* O my winding sheet
 Now shall I need thee shortly dear my Lord
 Let me hear once more, what I would not hear
 Never. *Bra.* Never

Iſa. O my unkind Lord, may your sin find mercy
 As I upon a woful widowed bed
 Shall pray for you, if not to turn your eyes
 Upon your wretched wife, and hopeful son
 Yet that in time you'll fix them upon Heaven

Bra. No more, go, go complain to the great Duke

Iſa. Now my dear Lord, you shall have present wounds
 How i'le work peace between you, I will make
 My self the Author of your curst vow
 I have some cause to do it, you have none
 Conceal it I beseech you, for the weal
 Of both your Dukedom, that you wrought the means
 Of such a separation: let the fault
 Remain with my supposed jealousie
 And think with what a pious and rent heart
 I shall perform this sad joining part

Enter Francisco, Flaminius, Myrtillo, Marcello, Camillo

Bra. VVell, take your course my honorable Brother

Fra. Sister, this is not well my Lord, why Sister
 She merits not this welcome. *Bra.* Welcome say?
 She hath given a sharp welcome. *Fra.* Are you foolish?
 Come dry your tears, is this a modest counter

Kittoria Corombona.

To better what is naught, to rail and weep
Grow to a reconciliation, or by heaven
I'll ne'r more deal between you. *Isa.* Sir, you shall not.
No, though *Vittoria* upon that condition
Would become honest. *Fra.* Was your husband loud,
Since we departed. *Isa.* By my life Sir no.
I swear by that I do not care to loose.
Are all these ruines of my former beauty
Laid out for a Whores triumph? *Fra.* Do you hear?
Look upon other women, with what patience
They suffer these slight wrongs, with what justice
They study to requite them, take that course.

Isa. O that I were a man, or that I had power
To execute my apprehended wishes,
I would whip some with scorpions. *Fra.* What? turn'd Fury?
Isa. To dig the strumpets eyes out, let her lie
Some twenty moneths a dying, to cut off
Her nose and lips, pull out her rotten teeth,
Preserve her flesh like *Mummy* for trophies
Of my just anger: Hell to my affliction
Is meer snow-water, by your favour Sir,
Brother draw near, and my Lord Cardinal,
Sir let me borrow of you but one kiss,
Hence-forth I'll never lie with you, by this,
This wedding-ring. *Fra.* How? ne'r more lie with him?

Isa. And this divorce shall be as truly kept,
As if in thronged Court, a thousand ears
Had heard it, and a thousand Lawyers hands,
Seal'd to the separation. *Bra.* Ne'r lie with me?

Isa. Let not my former dotage
Make thee an unbeliever, this my vow
Shall never on my soul be satisfied
With my repentance.

Fra. Now by my birth, you are a foolish, mad,
And jealous woman. *Bra.* You see 'tis not my seeking.

Fra. Was this your circle of pure Unicorns horn,
You said should charm your Lord? Now horns upon thee,

Vittoria Corombona.

For jealousie deserves them, keep your vow,
And take your chamber. *Isa.* No Sir I'll presently to *Paulus*.
I will not stay a minute. *Mar.* O good Madam.

Bra. 'Twere best to let her have her humour,
Some half days journey will bring down her stomach,
And then she'll turn in post. *Fran.* To see her come,
To my Lord Cardinal for a dispensation
Of her rash vow, will beget excellent laughter.

Isa. Unkindness do thy office, poor heart break,
Those are the killing griefs, which dare not speak.

Mar. Camilla's come my Lord. *Enter Camilla.*

Fran. Where's the commission? *Mar.* 'Tis here.

Fran. Give me the Signet.

Flem. My Lord do you mark their whispering, I will compound a medicine out of their two heads, stronger then Garlick, deadlier then Stibium, the Cantharides which are scarce seen to stick upon the flesh, when they work to the heart, shall not do it with more silence or invisible cunning.

Bra. About the murder.

Flem. They are sending him to *Naples*, but I'll send him to *Candy*, here's another property to. *Bra.* O the Doctor!

Flem. A poor quacksalving knave, my Lord, one that should have been lasht for's lechery, but that he confess a judgment, had an execution laid upon him, and so put the whip to an end.

Doct. And was cosin'd, my Lord by an arrant knave then my self, and made pay all the colourable execution.

Flem. He will shoot pills into a mans guts, shall make them have more ventages then a cornet or a lamprey, he will poison a kiss, and was once minded for his Master-piece, because *Ireland* breeds no poison, to have prepared a deadly vapour in a *Spanish* fart that should have poison'd all *Dublin*.

Bra. O Saint *Antonies* fire.

Doct. Your Secretary is merry, my Lord.

Flem. O thou cursed Antipathy to Nature! look, his eyes blood-shed like a needle a Chirurgion sticketh a wound with, let me embrace thee tod and love thee: O thou abominable lothsome gargarism, that will fetch up lungs, lights, heart, and liver by

Kivoria Corombona.

by scruples.

Bra. No more: I must employ the honest Doctor.
You must to *Padua*, and by the way use some of your skill for us.

Doct. Sir I shall. *Bra.* But for *Padua*?

Flam. He dies this night by such a politick strain.
Men shall suppose him by's own engine slain.
But for your Dutchess death: *Doct.* He make her sure.

Bra. Small mischiefs are by greater made secure.

Flam. Remember this your slave, when knaves comes to preferment, they rise as gallows are raised in low Countries, one upon anothers shoulders.

Mont. Here is an Emblem Nephew, pray peruse it:
'Twas thrown in at your window. *Cam.* At my window?

Here is a Stag my Lord hath shed his horns
And for the loss of them the poor beast weeps.
The words: *Insipidus me copia fecit.* *Mont.* That is:
Plenty of horns hath made him poor of horns.

Cam. What should this mean? *Mont.* He tell you, 'tis given out
you are a Cuckold. *Cam.* It is given out for
I had rather such report, as that my Lord
Should keep within doors. *Flam.* Have you any Children?

Cam. None my Lord. *Flam.* You are the happier:
He tell you a tale. *Cam.* Pray my Lord. *Flam.* An old tale.
Upon a time *Phaëus* the God of light,

On him we call the Sun, would needs be married:
The Gods gave their consent, and *Mercury*
Was sent, to voice it to the general world.

But what a piteous cry there straight arose
Amongst Smiths, and Felt-makers, Brewers and Cooks,
Reapers, and Butter-women, amongst Fishmongers
And thousand other Trades, which are annoyed.
Be his excessive heat, 'twas lamentable:

They came to *Jupiter* all in a sweat,
And do forbid the Banes, a great fat Cook
Was made their Speaker, who intreats of *Jove*,
That *Phaëus* might be gelded, for if now
When there was but one Sun, so many men,

Were

Vittoria Corombano.

Were like to perish by his violent heat.

What should they do if we were married.

And should beget more, and choise children.

Make Fire-works like their Father, today.

Only I will apply it to your Wife.

Her issue, should not Providence prevent it.

Would make both nature, time, and man repent it.

Mon. Look you Cousin.

Go, change the air for shame, let if your abience.

Will blast your *Caracenia*, *Marcello*

Is chosen with you joynt-commissioner.

For the relieving our Italian coast.

From Pyrats. *Mar.* I am much honor'd in it.

Ere I return, the Staggs horns may be sprout.

Greater then those are shed. *Mon.* Do not fear it.

I'll be your Ranger. *Cam.* You must watch it nights.

Then's the most danger. *Fra.* Farewell good *Mon.*

All the best fortunes of a Soldiers wish.

Bring you a ship-board.

Cam. Were I not best, now I am turn'd Soldier.

Ere that I leave my wife, sell all the path.

And then take leave of her. *Mon.* I expect good from you.

Your parting is so merry.

Cam. Merry my Lord? oth' Captains humor right.

I am resolv'd to be drunk this night.

Fra. So 'twas well fixed, now shall we discern.

How his wisht abience will give violent way.

To Duke *Brachiano's* lust. *Mon.* Why that was it.

To what scorn'd purpose else should we make choice.

Of him for a Sea-Captain; and besides.

Count *Lodowick* which was rumor'd for a Pyrate.

Is now in *Padua*. *Fra.* Is't true? *Mon.* Most certain.

I have Letters from him, which are suppliant.

To work his quick repeal from banishment.

He means to address himself for pension.

Unto our Sister *Duchess*. *Fra.* O'twas well.

We shall not want his abience past six days.

Vindication of Brachiano.

I fain would have the Duke *Brachiano* with A
 In a such rash dounge to repair his name, *Edi*
 Only the deep pit of his death is his name.
Alon. It may be objected I am dishonourable
 To play thus with my Kinsman, but I answer,
 For my revenge I do stake a Brothers life,
 That being wrong'd durst not avadge himself
Edi. Come to observe this stumper: *Alon.* Curse of greatness!
 Sure he'll not leave her. *Edi.* There's small pity in't,
 Like mistle-tow on fear Elms spent by weather,
 Let him cleave to her, and both rot together. *Exit.*

Enter Brachiano with out in the Habit of a Comptroller.

Br. Now Sir I claim your promise: 'tis dead midnight
 The time prefixt to shew me by your art
 How the intended murder of *Comptroller*
 And our loathed Dutchesse grow to action.

Com. You have won me by your bounty to a deed,
 I do not often practise: some there are,
 Which by Sophistick tricks, aspire that name
 Which I would gladly loose, of Necromancer;
 As some that use to juggle upon Cards,
 Seeming to conjure, when indeed they Cheat:
 Others that raise up their confederate spirits
 'Bout wind-mills, and endanger their own necks,
 For making of a quib: and some there are
 Will keep a curtal to shew juggling tricks,
 And give out 'tis a spirit: besides these,
 Such a whole Rame of Almanack-makers, Figure-fingers,
 Fellows indeed that only live by stealth,
 Since they do merrily be about stolen goods,
 They'd make men think the Devil were fast and loose,
 With speaking fustian in time: pray, sit down,
 Put on this night cap Sir, 'tis charm'd, and now
 I'll shew you by my strong commanding art
 The circumstance that breaks your Dutchesse heart.

Alon.

Exit.

Vittoria Corombona.

A Dumb Show, and the end blow at it

Enter suspiciously Julio and Christophero, they draw a Curtain where Brachian's picture is, they put on spectacles of glass, which cover their eyes and noses, and then turn perfume about the picture, wash the lips of the picture with dew, quenching the fire, and putting off their spectacles they depart laughing.

Enter Isabella in her night gown as to bedward, with light after her, Count Lodovico, Giovanni, Guid-antonio, and others, waiting on her, she kneels down as to prayers, she draws the Curtain of the picture, do's three reverences to it, and kisses it thrice, she faints and will not suffer them to come near it, dies, sorrow express in Giovanni and in Count Lodovico, she's convey'd out solemnly.

Br. Excellent, then she's dead. Con. She's poisoned, By the fum'd picture, 'twas her custom nightly, Ere she went to bed, to go and visit Your picture, and to feed her eyes and lips On the dead shadow: Doctor Julio Observing this, infects it with an oil, And other poison'd stuff, which presently Did suffocate her spirits. Br. Methought I saw, Count Lodowick there. Con. He was, and by my Art I find he did most passionately doat Upon your Dutchesse, now turn another way, And view Camillo's far more politick face, Strike louder musick from this charmed ground, To yield, as fits the Art, a Tragick sound.

The Second Dumb Show.

Enter Flameneo, Marcello, Camillo, with four more, as Captains, they drink healths, and dance, a vaulting horse is brought into the room, Marcello and two more, who stand out of the room, while Flameneo and Camillo thrust themselves into their flanks, as to vault, they complement who shall begin, as Camillo is about to vault, Flameneo pitcheth him upon his neck, and with the help of the rest, wreath his neck about, seem's to see if it be broke, and laies him folded double as 'were under the horse, make salute to each for help, Marcello

Vittoria Corombona.

Marcello comes in, laments, sends for the Cardinal and Duke, who comes forth with armed men, wonders at the sight, commands the body to be carried home, apprehends Flamenco, Marcello, and the rest, and goes as 'twere to apprehend Vittoria.

Bra. 'Twas quaintly done, but yet each circumstance I taste not fully. Con. O 'twas most apparent, You saw them enter charged with their deep healths To their boon Voyage, and to second that, Flamenco calls to have a vaulting horse Maintain their sport. The vertuous Marcello, Is innocently plotted forth the room, Whilst your eye saw the rest, and can inform you The engine of all. Mar. It seems Marcello and Flamenco Are both committed. Con. Yes, you saw them guarded, And now they are come with purpose to apprehend Your Mistress, fair Vittoria, we are now Beneath her roof: 'twere fit we instantly Make out by some back postern. Bra. Noble friends, You bind me ever to you, this shall stand As the firm seal annexed to my hand. It shall inforce a payment. Con. Sir, I thank you Both flowers and weeds spring, when the Sun is warm, And Great men do great good, or else great harm.

Enter Francisco, and Monticello, their Champions, and Register.

Bra. You have dealt discretely to obtain the presence Of all the grave & eger Embassadors To hear Vittoria's trial. Mon. 'Twas not ill, For Sir you know we have naught but circumstances To charge her with, about her husband's death, Their approbation therefore to the proofs Of her black lust, shall make her infamous To all our Neighbouring Kingdoms, I wonder If Brachiano will be here Fra. O fies! 'twere impudence too palpable.

Enter Flamenco, and Marcello guarded, and a Lawyer.

Law. What are you in by the week, so, I will try now

Victoria Corombana.

whether thy wife be close prisoner, me thinks none should sit up-
on thy Sister, but old Whore-masters.

Fla. Or Cuckolds, for your Cuckold is your most terrible tick-
ler of Letchery: Whore-masters would serve, for none are
Judges at Tilting, but those that have been old Tilters.

Law. My Lord Duke and she have been very private.

Fla. You are a dull Ass, 'tis threatned they have bin very
publick.

Law. If it can be proved they have but kist one another.

Fla. What then? *Law.* My Lord Cardinal will Ferret them.

Fla. A Cardinal I hope, will not catch Conies.

Law. For to sow Kisses (mark what I say) to sow Kisses is to
reap Letchery, and I am sure, a woman that will endure kissing
is half won.

Fla. True, her upper part by that rule; if you will win her
nether part to, you know what follows.

Law. Heark, the Embassadors are lighted.

Fla. I do put on this feigned Garb of mirth,
To gall suspicion.

Mar. O my unfortunate Sister!

I would my Dagger-point had cleft her heart

When she first saw *Pyachiano*: you 'tis said

Were made his Engine, and his stalking horse

To undo my Sister. *Fla.* I am a kind of path

To her, and mine own preferment. *Mar.* Your ruine.

Fla. Hum! thou art a Souldier,

Followest the great Duke, feedest his victories,

As Witches do their serviceable spirits.

Even with thy prodigal blood: what hast got?

But like the wealth of Captains, a poor handful,

Which in thy palm thou bear'st, as men hold water.

Seeking to gripe it fast, the frail reward

Steals through thy fingers. *Mar.* Sir.

Fla. Thou hast scarce maintenance

To keep thee in fresh shamoyes. *Mar.* Brother.

Fla. Hear me,

And thus when we have poured our selves,

Vittoria Corombona,

Into great fights, for their ambition
Or idle spleen, how shall we find rewards,
But as we seldome find the mistle-towe
Sacred to Physick or the buldier Oke,
Without a Mandrake by it, so in our quest of gain:
Alas the poorest of their forc'd dislikes
Ara limbe proffers, but at heart it strikes:
This is lamented Doctrine. *Mar.* Come, come.

Fla. When age shall turn thee
White as a blooming Hawthorn. *Mar.* I'll interrupt you.
For love of vertue bear an honest heart,
And stride over every politick respect,
Which where they most advance, they most infect,
Were I your father, as I am your brother.
I should not be ambitious to leave you

A better patrimony. *Fla.* I'll think on't. *Enter Savoy.*
The Lord Embassadors
*Here there is a passage of the Liger Embassadors over
the Stage severally. Enter French Embassadors.*

Law. O my spritely Frenchman, do you know him, hee's an
admirable Tilter.

Fla. I saw him at last Tilting, he shewed like a pewter candle-
stick, fashioned like a man in armor, holding a Tilting staffe in his
hand, little bigger then a candle of twelve i'th pound.

Law. O but he is an excellent horseman,

Fla. A lame one in his losly tricks, he sleeps a horseback like
a poultier.

Enter English and Spanish.

Law. Lo you my Spaniard.

Fla. He carries his face, in's ruffe, as I have seen a servingman
carry glasses in a Cipres-hatband, monstrous steddly for fear of
breaking: He looks, like the claw of a Black-bird, first salted and
then broiled in a candle.

Exeunt.

The Arraignment of Vittoria.

*Enter Francisco, Monticello, the six Liger Embassadors, Bra-
chiano, Vittoria, Isabella, Lawyer, and a guard.*

Mon. Forbear my Lord, here is no place assign'd you,
This busines by his holiness, is left
To your examination.

Vittoria Corombona.

Bra. May it thrive with you.

Lays a rich gown

Fra. A Chair there for his Lordship.

under him.

Bra. Forbear your kindness, an unbidden guest
Should travel as Dutch-women go to Church:
Bear their stool with them. *Mon.* At your pleasure Sir,
Stand to the Table Gentlewomen: now Signior,
Fall to your plea.

Law. Domine Judex converte oculos in hanc pestem
mulierum corruptissimam. *Vit.* What's he?

Fra. A Lawer, that pleads against you.

Vit. Pray my Lord, let him speak his usual tongue,
He make no answer else. *Fra.* Why you understand Latine.

Vit. I do Sir, but amongst this auditory
Which come to hear my cause, the half or more
May be ignorant in't. *Mon.* Go on Sir.

Vit. By your favour,
I will not have my accusation clouded
In a strange tongue: All this assembly
Shall hear what you can charge me with. *Fra.* Signior,
You need not stand on't much; pray, change your language.

Mon. Oh for God sake: Gentlewoman, your credit
Shall be more famous by it.

Law. Well then have at you.

Vit. I am at the mark Sir, he give aim to you,
And tell you how near you shoot.

Law. Most literated Judges, please your Lordships,
So to connive your judgments to the view,
Of this debauched, and diversivolent woman,
Who such a concatenation
Of mischief hath effected, that to extirpe
The memory of't must be the consummation
Of her, and her projections. *Vit.* What's all this?

Law. Hold your peace,
Exorbitant sins must have exulceration.

Vit. Surely my Lords, this Lawyer hath swallowed
Some Apothecaries bills, or proclamations,
And now the hard, and undigestable words,

Come

Vittoria Corambona.

Come up like stones we use give Hawks for physick.

Why this is welch to Latine. *Law.* My Lords, the woman

Knows not her Tropes, nor is perfect

In the Academick derivation

Of Grammatical elocution. *Pro.* Sir, your pains

Shall be well spared, and your deep eloquence

Be worthily applauded among those

Which understand you. *Law.* My good Lord, *Pro.* Sir,

Put up your Papers in your fustian bag, and

Cry mercy Sir, 'tis buckram, and accept

My notion of your learn'd verbosity.

Law. I most graduatically thank your Lordship.

I shall have use for them elsewhere.

Mon. I shall be plainer with you, and paint out

Your follies in more natural red and white.

Then that upon your cheek. *Vir.* O you mistake,

You raise a bloud as noble in this cheek

As ever was your mothers.

Mon. I must spare you, till proof cry where to that.

Observe this creature here, my honoured Lords,

A woman of a most prodigious spirit.

Vir. My honourable Lord,

It doth not suit a reverend Cardinal

To play the Lawyer thus.

Mon. Oh your Trade instructs your language.

You see my Lords what goodly fruit she seems,

Yet like those apples travellers report

To grow where *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* stood.

I will but touch her, and you straight shall see

She'll fall to foot and ashes.

Vir. Your in enom'd Apothecary should do't.

Mon. I am resolved.

Were there a second Paradise to loose,

This Devil would betray it. *Vir.* O poor charity!

Thou art seldom found in Scarlet.

Mon. Who knows not how, when several night by night

Her gates were choak't with Coaches, and her Rooms.

Out.

Victoria Corombona.

Out-brav'd the Stars with several kind of lights,
When she did counterfeit a Prince's Court,
In Musick, Banquets, and most riotous surfeits:
This VVhore forsooth was holy.

Vir. Ha? whose? what's that?

Mon. Shall I expound whore to you? sure I shall;
I'll give their perfect character. They are first:
Sweet meats which rot the eater: In mans nostrils
Poison'd perfumes. They are cozzing Alchymy,
Shipwracks in calmest weather? What are whores?
Cold Russian winters, that appear so barren,
As if that nature had forgot the spring.
They are the true material fire of Hell,
Worse then those Tributes i'th low-Countries Paid.

Exactions upon meat, drink, garments, sleep,
I even on mans perdition, his On.
They are those brittle Evidences of Law
VVhich forfeit all a wretched mans estate
For leaving out one syllable, VVhat are whores?
They are those flattering Bells have all one tune,
At weddings and at funeralls, your rich whores
Are only treasuries by extortion filld,
And emptied by cursed ryot. They are worse,
VVorse then dead bodies, which are beg'd at th' gallows,
And wrought upon by Surgeons, to teach man
VVherein he is imperfect, VVhat's a whore?
She's like the gilt counterfeited coin,
VVhich who so ere first stampes it brings in trouble
All that receive it. *Vir.* This character scapes me.

Mon. You Gentlewoman?

Take from all beasts and from all minerals
Their deadly poison: *Vir.* VVell what then? *Mon.* I'll tell thee,
I'll find in the an Apothecaries shop,
To sample them all. *E. Emb.* She hath lived ill,
E. Emb. True, but the Cardinals too bitter.

Mon. You know what whore: is next the Divil adottery,
Enters the Divil, murder. *Few.* Your unhappy husband

Vittoria Corombona.

Is dead. *Vir.* O he's a happy husband, :
Now he owes Nature nothing.

Fra. And by a vaulting engine. *Mon.* An active plot,
He jump't into his grave. *Fra.* What a prodigy was't,
That from some two yards high a slender man
Should break his neck? *Mon.* It rushes. *Fra.* And what's more,
Upon the instant, loose all use of speech,
All vital motion, like a man had lain
VVound up three dayes. Now mark each circumstance.

Mon. And look upon this creature was his wife.
She comes not like a widdow : She comes arm'd
VVith scorn and impudence : Is this a mourning habit,

Vir. Had I fore-known his death as you suggest,
I would have bespoke my mourning.

Mon. O you are cunning.

Vir. You shame your wit, and judgment,
To call it so, what, is my just defence
By him that is my judge call'd impudence?
Let me appeal then from this Christian Court
To the uncivil Tartar. *Mon.* See my Lords,
She scandals our proceedings. *Vir.* Humbly thus
Thus low, to the most worthy, and respected
Leiger Embassadors, my modesty
And woman-hood I tender, but withall
So intangled in a cursed accusation
That my defence of force like *Parson*,
Must personate Masculine Vertue to the point.
Find me but guilty, sever head from body :
Wee'l part good friends : I scorn to hold my life
At yours, or any mans intreaty, Sir,

E. Emb. She hath a brave spirit.

Mon. Well, well, such counterfeist Jewels
Make true ones oft suspected. *Vir.* You are deceived,
For know, that all your strict combined heads
Which strike against this Mine of Diamonds,
Shall prove but glassen hammers, they shall break,
These are but feigned shadows of my evils.

Ter

Vintoria Corombona.

Terrific babes, my Lord, with painted Devils,
I am past such nee dless pallsie, for your names,
Of Whore and Murtheris they proceed from you,
As if a man should spit against the wind,
The filth returns in's face.

Mon. Pray you Miltreis, satishe me one question:
Who lodg'd beneath your roof that fatal night
Your husband brake his neck? *Bra.* That question
Inforceth me break silence; I was there.

Mon. Your business? *Bra.* Why I came to comfort her,
And take some course for settling her estate,
Because I heard her husband was in debt
To you my Lord. *Mon.* He was.

Bra. And 'twas strangely fear'd,
That you would cozen her. *Mon.* Who made you Overseer?

Bra. Why, my charity, my charity, which should flow
From every generous and noble spirit,
To orphans and to widows. *Mon.* Your lust.

Bra. Cowardly dogs bark loudest. Sirrah Priest,
I'll talk with you hereafter. *Mon.* Do you hear?
The sword you frame of such an excellent temper,
I'll sheath in your own bowels.
There are a number of thy coat resemble
Your common post-boyes. *Mon.* Ha?

Bra. Your mercenary post-boyes:
Your Letters carry truth, but tis your guile
To fill your mouths with words and impudent lies.

Ser. My Lord, your gown.

Bra. Thou liest 'twas my foot.
Bestow't upon thy master, that will challenge
The rest oth' household-stuff, for *Brachiana*
Was near so beggarly, to take a foot
Out of anothers lodging: let it make
Vallance for his bed on't, or a demy foot-cloth,
For his most reverent moile, *Mon.* Necessity.

Nemo me impune lacessit. *Mon.* Necessity and a word more.

Mon. Your Champions gon. *Exit Brachiana.*

Vittoria Corombona.

Vit. The wolf may prey the better.

Fra. My Lord there's great suspicion of the murder,
But no sound proof who did it: for my part
I do not think the hatter's soul so black
To act a deed so bloody, if he have
As in cold Countries husbandmen plant Vines,
And with warm blood manure them, even so
One summer she will bear unsavory fruit,
And ere next spring wither both branch and root.
The act of blood let pass, only defend,
To matter of incontinence. *Vit.* I discern poison,
Under your gilded pills.

Mon. Now the Duke's gon, I will produce a Letter,
Wherein 'twas plotted, he and you should meet,
At an Apothecaries summer-house,
Down by the River *Tyber*: view't my Lords:
Where after wanton bathing and the heat
Of a lascivious banquet. — I pray read it,
I shame to speak the rest. *Vit.* Grant I was tempted
Temptation to lust proves not the act,

Castra est quam nemo rogavit.
You read his hot love to me, but you want
My frosty answer. *Mon.* Frost i'th dog-days! strange!

Vit. Condemn you me for that the Duke did love me
So may you blame some fair and chrystal river
For that some melancholick distracted man,
Hath drown'd himself in't. *Mon.* Truly drown'd indeed,

Vit. Summe up my faults I pray, and you shall find,
That beauty and gay clothes, a merry heart,
And a good stomach to feast, are all,
All the poor crimes that you can charge me with:
In faith my Lord you might go pistol sties,
The sport would be more noble. *Mon.* Very good.

Vit. But take you your course, it seems you have begger'd me
And now would fain undo me, I have houses, (first
Jewels, and a poor remnant of *Crusado's*,
Would those would make you charitable. *Mon.* If the Devil
Did ever take good shape behold his picture. F *Vit.*

Victoria Corombona.

Vir. You have one vertue left,
You will not ~~leave~~ *leave* me. *Fra.* Who brought this Letter?

Vir. I am not compell'd to tell you.

Mon. My Lord Duke sent to you a thousand Duckets,
The twelfth of August. *Vir.* I was to keep your Cousin
From prison, I paid use for't. *Mon.* I rather think
'Twas interest for his lust.

Vir. Who says so but your self? if you be my accuser,
Pray cease to be my Judge, come from the Bench,
Give in your evidence 'gainst me, and let these
Be Moderators: My Lord Cardinal,
Were your intelligencing ears as loving
As to my thoughts, had you an honest tongue
I would not care though you proclaim'd them all.

Mon. Go to, go to.
After your goodly and vain-glorious banquet,
He give you a choak pear. *Vir.* A' your own grafting?

Mon. You were born in Venice, honourably descended
From the *Vinelli*: 'twas my Cousins care,
Ill may I name the hour to marry you,
He bought you of your Father. *Vir.* Ha?

Mon. He spent there in six months
Twelve thousand Duckets, and (to my knowledge)
Receiv'd in dowry with you not one *Julia*.

'Twas a hard peny-worth, the ware being so light.
I yet but draw the curtain now to your picture:
You came from thence a most notorious strumpet,
And so you have continued. *Vir.* My Lord.

Mon. Nay hear me,
You shall have time to prate my Lord *Brachiano*:
Alas I make but repetition
Of what is ordinary, and *Rinaldo* talk,
And ballated, and would be plaid on stage,
But that vice many times finds such loud friends,
That Preachers are charm'd silent.
You Gentlemen *Flaminius* and *Marcello*,
The Court hath nothing new to charge you with.

Only

Vittoria Corombona,

Only you must remain upon your Sureties,
For your appearance. *Fra.* I stand for *Marsilio*.

Fla. And my Lord Duke for me.

Mon. For you *Vittoria*, your publick fault,
Joyn'd to th' condition of the present time,
Takes from you all the fruits of noble pity:
Such a corrupted trial have you made

Both of your life and beauty, and been styl'd
No less an ominous fate, then Blazing Stars
To Princes hear your sentence, you are confin'd,
Unto a house of converts, and your baud.

Fla. Who I? *Mon.* The Moor;

Fla. O, Pa sound-man again.

Fra. A house of converts, what's that?

Mon. A house of penitent whores.

Fis. Do the Noblemen in *Rome*
Erect it for their wives, that I am sent
To lodge there? *Fra.* You must have patience.

Vit. I must first have vengeance.
I fain would know if you have your salvation
By patent, that you proceed thus. *Mon.* Away with her,
Take her hence. *Vit.* A rape, a rape. *Mon.* How?

Vit. Yes, you have ravish'd Justice,
Forc't her to do your pleasure. *Mon.* Fie she's mad.

Vit. Die with these pills in your most cursed maw
Should bring you health, or while you sit out Bench,
Let your own spittle choak you. *Mon.* She's turn'd Fury.

Vit. That the last day of judgment may so find you
And leave you the same devil you were before;

Instruct me some good horse-leach to speak Treason,

For since you cannot take my life for deeds,

Take it for words: O woman's poor revenge

Which dwells but in the tongue; I will not weep,

No; I do scorn to call up one poor tear

To fawn on your injustice, bear me hence,

Unto this house of what's your mitigating Title?

Mon. Of converts. *Vit.* It shall not be a house of converts

Vittoria Corombona.

My mind shall make it honest to me
Then the Popes Palace, and more peaceable
Then my soul, though thou art a Cardinal
Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spirit,
Through darkness Diamonds spread their richest light.

Enter Brachiano.

Bra. Now you and I are friends Sir, we'll shake hands
In a friends grave, together, a fit place,
Being the emblem of soft peace t'atone our hatred.

Fra. Sir, what's the matter?

Bra. I will not chase more blood from that lov'd cheek;
You have lost too much already, fare-you-well.

Fra. How strange these words sound? what's the interpretation?

Fra. Good, this is a Preface to the discovery of the Dutchess
death: He carries it well: because now, I cannot counterfeit a
whining passion for the death of my Lady, I will fain a mad hu-
mour for the disgrace of my Sister, and that will keep off idle que-
stions, Treasons tongue with a villainous palse in't, I will talk to
any man, hear no man, and for time appear a politick mad-man.

Enter Giovanni, Count Lodovico.

Fra. How now my Noble Cousin, what in black?

Gio. Yes Uncle, I was taught to imitate you
In vertue and you must imitate me
In colours of your garments, my sweet mother

Is. Fra. How? Where?

Gio. Is there, no, yonder: indeed Sir ile not tell you,
For I shall make you weep. *Fra.* Is dead.

Gio. Do not blame me now,
I did not tell you so. *Lod.* She's dead my Lord.

Fra. Dead? *Mon.* Blessed Lady;
Thou art now above thy woes,
Wilt please your Lordships to with-draw a little.

Gio. What do the dead do, Uncle? do they eat,
Hear musick, go a hunting, and be merry, as we that live?

Fra. No cofe; they sleep.

Gio. Lord, Lord, that I were dead,
I have not slept these six nights. When do they wake?

Vittoria Corombona.

Enter. When God shall please.

Gio. Good God let her sleep ever.

For I have known her wake an hundred nights,
When all the pillow, where she laid her head,
Was brine-wet with her tears. I am to complain to you Sir,
He tell you how they have used her now she's dead:
They wrapt her in a cruel fold of lead,
And would not let me kiss her. *Fra.* Thou didst love her.

Gio. I have often heard her say she gave me suck,
And it should seem by that she dearly lov'd me,
Since Princes seldom do it.

Fra. O, all my poor Sister that remains!
Take him away for God sake, *Man.* How now my Lord?

Fra. Believe me I am nothing but her grave,
And I shall keep her blessed memory,
Longer then thousand Epitaphs. *Enter Flammine as distressed.*

Fra. We indure the strokes like anvils or hard steel,
Till pain it self make us no pain to feel.
Who shall do me right now? Is this the end of service? I da
rather go weed Garlick, travel through *France*, and be mine own
Ostler; wear sheep-skin linings, or shoos that stink of blacking;
be entred into the list of the forty thousand pedlars in *Poland*.

Enter Savoy.

Would I had rotted in some Surgeons house at *Venice*, built upon
the *Pox* as well as on piles, ere I had serv'd *Brachana*.

Sav. You must have comfort.

Fra. Your comfortable words are like honey. They relish in
your mouth that's whole; but in mine that's wounded they go
down as if the sting of the Bee were in them. Oh they have
wrought their purpose cunningly, as if they would not seem to
do it of malice. In this a Politician imitates the devil, as the De
vil imitates a Conon. Wheresoever he comes to do mischief, he
comes with his backside towards you.

Enter the French.

Fra. The proofs are evident.

Flam. Proof! 'twas corruption. O God, what a God art
thou! and O man, what a Devil art thou to be tempted by that
curled

Vittoria Corombona.

curst Mineral! You diversivolent Lawyer, mark him, Knaves turn informers, as maggots turn to flies, you may catch god-geons with either. A Cardinal! I would he would hear me there; nothing so holy, but money will corrupt and putrifie it, like Vi-quals under the Line. You are happy in England, my Lord; here they sell justice with those weights they press men to death with. O horrible fallary!

Eng. Fir. He. Flaminto.

Fla. Bells ne'r ring well, till they are at their full pitch. And I hope, you Cardinal shall never have the grace to pray well, till he come to the Scaffold.

If they were rackt now to know the Confederacy? But your Noblemen are priviledg'd from the rack; and well may. For a little thing would pull some of them a pieces, afore they came to their arraignment. Religion; oh how it is commedled with pol-ey. The first bloud-shed in the world hapned about Religion. Would I were a Jew. *Mar.* O there are too many.

Flam. You are deceiv'd. There are not Jews enough; Priests enough, nor Gentlemen enough. *Mar.* How?

Fla. He prove it. For if there were Jews enough, so many Christians would not turn Musers; if Priests enough, one should not have six Benefices; and if Gentlemen enough, so many early mushrooms, whose best growth sprang from a dunghill, should not aspire to Gentility. Farewell, Let others live by begging, be thou one of them; practice the art of *Padua* in England to swallow all's given thee; and yet let one purgation make thee as hungry again as fellows that work in a saw-pit. He go hear the Screech-owl.

Exit.

Ed. This was *Brachiano*, Pandar, and 'tis strange That in such open, and apparent guilt Of his adulterous Sister, he dare utter So scandalous a passion. I must wind him. *Enter Flaminto.*

Fla. How dares this banish'd Court return to Rome, His pardon not yet purchast? I have heard The decess'd Dutchess gave him pension, And that he came along from *Padua* I th' train of the young Prince. There's somewhat in't.

Phy-

Victoria Corombonda

Physicians, that cure poisons, still do work
With counter-poisons.

Mar. Mark this strange encounter.

Fla. The God of melancholy turn thy gall to poison,
And let the fignatrick wrinkles in thy face
Like to the boisterous waves in a rough tide
One still overtake another. *Lod.* I do thank thee,
And I do wish ingeniously for thy sake,
The Dog-days all year long.

Fla. How croaks the Raven?

Is our good Dutchess dead? *Lod.* Dead. *Fla.* Of a fel
Misfortune comes like the Coroner's business,
Huddle upon huddle. *Lod.* Shall thou and I joyn house-keeping?

Fla. Yes, content.

Let's be unfociably sociable.

Lod. Sit some three days together, and discourse.

Fla. Only with making faces;

Lie in our clothes. *Lod.* With faggots for our pillows.

Fla. And be lousie.

Lod. In Taffeta linings, that's Gentle melancholy,
Sleep all day. *Fla.* Yes; and like your melancholy part
Feed after midnight.

We are observed: see how you couple grieve.

Lod. What a strange creature is a laughing fool;

As if man were created to no use

But only to shew his teeth. *Fla.* He tell thee what,

It would do well instead of looking glasses,

To set ones face each morning by the shadow

Of a witches congealed blood. *Lod.* Precious Rogue!

Wee'l never part. *Fla.* Never, till the beggery of Courtiers,

The discontent of Church-men, want of Soldiers

And all the creatures that hang manacled,

Worse then strappado'd, on the lowest selly

Of fortunes wheel, be taught in our two lives. *Enter Antonio.*

To scorn that world which life of means deprives.

An. My Lord, I bring good news, The Pope on's death-bed.

At th' earnest suit of the great Duke of Florence.

Harb

Victoria Corombona.

Hath sign'd your pardon, and restor'd unto you.

Lod. I thank you for your news. Look up again

Flamino, see my pardon. *F/a.* Why do you laugh?

There was no such condition in our covenant. *Lod.* Why?

Flam. You shall not seem a happier man than I.

You know our vow Sir, if you will be merry,

Do it i'th like posture, as if some great man

Sate while his enemy were executed:

Though it be very letchery unto thee,

Doo't with a sabby Politicians face.

Lod. Your Sister is a damnable whore. *F/a.* Ha?

Lod. Look you, I spake that laughing.

F/a. Dost ever think to speak again?

Lod. Do you hear?

Will't sell me forty ounces of her blond,

To water a mandrake? *F/a.* Poor Lord, you did vow

To live a lousie creature. *Lod.* Yes. *F/a.* Like one

That had for ever forfeited the day light,

By being in debt. *Lod.* Ha, ha!

F/a. I do not greatly wonder you do break

Your Lordship learn't long since. But ile tell you.

Lod. What? *F/a.* And't shall stick by you.

Lod. I long for it.

F/a. This laughter scurvily becomes your face,

If you will not be melancholy, be angry.

Strikes him.

See now I laugh too.

Mar. You are to blame, ile force you hence.

Lod. Unhand me.

Exit Mar. & Fla.

That ere I should be fort't to right my self,

Upon a pandar. *Ant.* My Lord.

Lod. H' had been as good met with his fist a Thunder-bolt.

Gaf. How this shews!

Lod. Uds' death, how did my sword miss him?

These Rogues that are most weary of their lives,

Still scape the greatest dangers.

A pox upon him: all his Reputation;

Nay all the goodness of his family;

Vittoria Corombona.

Is not worth half this Earthquake;
I learn't it of no Fencer to shake thus;
Come, Ile forget him, and go drink some wine. *Exeunt.*

Enter Francisco and Monticello

Mon. Come, come my Lord untie your folded thoughts,
And let them dangle loose, as a Brides hair,
Your Sister's poisoned.

Fra. Far be it from my thoughts
To seek revenge.

Mon. What, are you turn'd all Marble?

Fra. Shall I defie him, and impose a war
Most burthensome on my poor subjects necks,
Which at my will I have not power to end?
You know: for all the murders, rapes, and thefts,
Committed in the horrid lust of war,

He that unjustly caus'd it first proceed,
Shall find it in his grave, and in his seed.

Mon. That's not the course I'd wish you: pray observe;
We see that undermining more prevails
Then doth the Canon. Bear your wrongs conceal'd,
And, patient as the Tortoise, let this Cammel
Stalk o're your back unbruis'd: sleep with the Lion,
And let this brood of secure foolish mice
Play with your nostrils, till the time be ripe
For th' bloody audit, and the fatal gripe:
Aim like a cunning fowler, close one eye,
That you the better may your game espy.

Fra. Free me my innocence from treacherous acts:
I know there's thunder yonder; and ile stand,
Like a safe valley, which low bends the knee
To some aspiring mountain: since I know
Treason like spiders, weaving nets for flies,
By her foul work is found, and in it dies,
To pass away these thoughts, my honour'd Lord,
It is reported you possesse a book,
Wherein you have quoted, by intelligence,
The names of all notorious offenders

Vittoria Corombona.

Lurking about the City. *Mon.* Sir I do,
And some there are which call it my black book;
Well may the title hold: for though it teach not
The art of conjuring, yet in it lurk,
The names of many Devils. *Fra.* Pray let's see it!

Mon. He fetch it to your Lordship.

Fra. Monticello.

Exit Monticello.

I will not trust thee, but in all my plots,
He rest as jealous, as a Town besieg'd
Thou canst not reach what I intend to act,
Your flax soon kindles, soon is out again,
But gold slow heat's, and long will hot remain.

Mon. 'Tis here my Lord.

Enter Mant. presents

Fra. First, your Intelligencers, pray let's see; *Fra. with a book.*
Their number rises strangely;

Mon. And some of them

You'd take for honest men. The next, are Panders;
These are your Pyrates; and these following leaves,
For base Rogues, that undo young Gentlemen
By taking up commodities; for politick bankrupts,
For fellows, that are bawd to their own wives,
Only to put off horses, and slight Jewels,
Clocks, defac't plate, and such commodities,
At birth of their first Children. *Fra.* Are there such?

Mon. These are impudent bawdes,

That go in mens apparel; for Urrers
That share with Scriveners, for their good reportage;
For Lawyers, that will answeare their Deeds;
And some Divines you might find folded there;
But that I slip them o're for Conscience sake.
Here is a general Catalogue of knaves,
A man might study all the prisons o're,
Yet never attain this knowledge. *Fra.* Murderers:
Fold down the leaf I pray;
Good my Lord let me borrow this strange Doctrin.

Mon. Pray, use't my Lord.

Fra.

Vittoria Corombona,

Fra. I do assure your Lordship,
You are a worthy member of the State,
And have done infinite good in your discovery
Of these offenders. *Mon.* Some what Sir. *Fra.* O God!
Better then tribute of wolves paid in England,
I will hang their skins oth' hedge.

Mon. I must make bold

To leave your Lordship. *Fra.* Dear Sir, I thank you,
If any ask for me at Court, report,
You have left me in the Company of Knaves.
I gather now by this, some cunning fellow
That's my Lords Officer, one that lately skip't
From a Clerks Desk up to a Justices Chair,
Hath made this knavish summons; and intends,
As th' *Irish* Rebels were wont to sell heads,
So to make prize of these. And thus it happens:
Your poor rogues pay for't, which have not means
To present bribes in list; the rest oth' band
Are raz'd out of the knaves record; or else,
My Lord be winks at them with easie will,
His man grows rich, the knaves are the knaves still.
But to the use ile make of it; it shall serve
To point me out a list of murderers,
Agents for any Villany. Did I want
Ten leash of Curtizans, it would furnish me;
Lawndress three Armies: That in so little paper
Should lie th' undoing of so many men!
*Tis not so big as twenty Declarations.
See the corrupted use some makes of books:
Divinity, wrested by some factious blood,
Draws swords, swells battails, and o'rethrows all good:
To fashion my revenge more seriously,
Let me remember my dead Sisters face:
Call for her picture? no; ile close mine eyes,
And in a melancholick thought ile frame

Enter Isabella's Ghost.

Her figure 'fore me, Now I hav't—how strong

Vittoria Corombona.

Imagination works ! how she can frame
Things which are not ! methinks she stands afore me
And by the quick Idea of my mind,
Were my skill pregnant, I could draw her picture.
Though 't, as a subtil Jugler, makes us deem
Things, supernatural, which yet, have cause,
Common, as sickness. 'Tis my melancholy,
How can'st thou by thy death ? — how idle am I
To question mine own idleness ? — did ever
Man dream awake till now ? — remove this object :
Out of my brain with 't : what have I to do
With Tombs, or death beds, funerals, or tears,
That have to meditate upon revenge ?
So now 'tis ended, like an old wives story :
Statesmen think often they see stranger sights
Then mad-men. Come, to this weighry business,
My Tragedy must have some idle mirth in 't,
Else it will never pass. I am in love,
In love with *Corombona*, and my suit
Thus halts to her in Verse, —
I have done it rarely : O the fate of Princes !
I am so us'd to frequent flattery,
That being alone, I now flatter my self,
But it will serve, 'tis seal'd, bear this,
To th' house of Converts, and watch your leisure
To give it to the hands of *Corombona*,
Or to the Matron, when some followers
Of *Brachiano* may be by. Away.
He that deals all by strength, his wit is shallow,
When a mans head goes through, each limbe will follow,
The engine for my business, bold Count *Lodowick* ;
'Tis gold must such an instrument procure,
With empty fist no man do. Falcons lure
Brachiano, I am now fit for thy encounter :
Like the wild *Iris* Ile near think thee dead
Till I can play at football with thy head.

Flottare si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo.
The end of the Third Act.

Exit Mon.
All

Vittoria Corombona.

Act 4

Enter the Matron, and Flam'neo.

Mat. Should it be known the Duke hath such recourse
To your imprison'd sister, I were like
T' incur much damage by it. *Fla.* Not a scruple.
The Pope lies on his death-bed, and their heads
Are troubled now with other business
Then guarding of a Lady. *Enter servant.*

Ser. Yonder's *Flam'neo* in conference
VVith the Matrone. Let me speak with you,
I would intreat you to deliver for me
This letter to the fair *Vittoria*.

Mat. I shall Sir.

Ser. VVith all care and secrecie:
Hereafter you shall know me, and receive
Thanks for this curtesie. *Fla.* How now? what's that?

Mat. A letter. *Fla.* To my sister: Ile see't delivered.

Bra. VVhat's that you read *Flam'neo*? *Fla.* Look.

Bra. Ha? To the most unfortunate, his best respected *Vittoria*,
VVho was the messenger? *Fla.* I know not.

Bra. No! VVho sent it?

Fla. Ud's foot, you speak, as if a man
Should know, what fowl is coffin'd in a bake't meat
Afore you cut it up.

Bra. Ile open't, were't her heart. VVhat's here subscribed?
This juggling is gross and palpable. *(Florence)*
I have found out the conveyance; read it, read it.

Fla. Your tears Ile turn to triumphs, be but mine:
Your prop is false, & pity, that avails,
Which Princes heretofore have lang'd to gather;
Wanting supporters, now should fade and wither.
VVine yfaith, my Lord, with lees would serve his turn.
Your sad imprisonment Ile soon uncharm,
And with a princely uncontrolled arm
Lead you to Florence, where my love and care
Shall hang your wishes in my silver hair.
A halter on his strange equivocation.

No

Vittoria Corombona.

*Nor for my years return me the sad willow,
Who prefer blossoms before fruit that's mellow.*

*Rotten on my knowledge, with lying too long i' th' bed-straw.
And all the lines of age this line convinces:
The Gods never wax old, no more do Princes.*

A pox on't, tear it, let's have no more Atheists for Gods sake.

Bra. Uds' death, I'll cut her into Atoms,
And let th' irregular North-winde sweep her up,
And blow her int' his Nostrils: Where's this whore?

Fla. That? what do you call her?

Bra. Oh, I could be mad;
Prevent the curst disease-sheel bring me to;
And tear my hair off--Where's this changeable stuff?

Fla. Ore head and ears in water, I assure you,
Shee is not for your wearings. *Bra.* You! Pander!

Fla. What of me, my Lord? am I your dog?

Bra. A bloud-hound: do you brave? do you stand me?

Fla. Stand you? let those that have diseases, run,
I need no plaster. *Bra.* Would you be kickt?

Fla. Would you have your neck broke?

I tell you Duke, I am not in Russia,
My shins must be kept whole. *Bra.* Do you know me;

Fla. O my Lord! methodically.

*As in this world there are degrees of evils:
So in this world there are degrees of Devils.*

You'r a great Duke: I your poor Secretary.

I do look now for a Spanish fig, or an Italian sallet daily.

Bra. Pander ply your convoy, and leave your prating.

Fla. All your kindness to me is like that miserable curtesie of
Polyphemus to *Ulysses*, you reserve me to be devour'd last; you
would dig turfs out of my grave to feed your Larks: that would
be musick to you. Come I'll lead you to her.

Bra. Do you face me?

Fla. O Sir I would not go before a Politick enemy with my
back towards him, though there were behind me a whirlpool.

Enter Vittoria to Brachiano and Flaminius.

Bra. Can you read, Mistress? look upon that letter:
These are no Characters, nor Hieroglyphicks.

You

Vittoria Corombona.

You need no comment, I am grown your receiver,
Gods precious, you shall be a brave great Lady,
A stately, and advanced whore. *Vit.* Say Sir?

Bra. Come, come, lets see your Cabinet, discover
Your treasury of love-letters. Death and Furies!
He see them all. *Vit.* Sir upon my soul
I have not any. Whence was this directed?

Bra. Confusion on your politick ignorance!
You are reclaimed? are you? He give you the bells,
And let you flie to the Devil. *Fla.* Ware hawk, my Lord!

Vit. Florence! This is some treacherous plot, my Lord,
To me, he nere was lovely I protest,
So much as in my sleep. *Bra.* Right lahey are plots.

Your beauty! O, ten thousand curses ont:
How long have I beheld the Devil in Christal!
Thou hast led me, like an heathen sacrifice,

With musick, and with fatal yokes of flowers,
To my eternal ruine: Woman, to man
Is either a God, or a wolf. *Vit.* My Lord. *Bra.* Away!

Weel be as differing as two Adamants,
The one shall shun the other. What I do'st weep?
Procure but ten of thy dissembling trade,

Weel furnish all the Irish funerals
With howling, past wild Irish. *Fla.* Fie, my Lord.

Bra. That hand! that cursed hand, which I have wearied
With doting kisses! O my sweetest Dutchess!

How lovely art thou now! thy loose thoughts
Scatter like quick silver, I was betwixt'd,
For all the world speaks ill of thee. *Vit.* No matter,

He live so now, he make that world recant,
And change her speeches. You did name your Dutchess!

Bra. VVhose death God pardon.

Vit. VVhose death God revenge

On thee most godless Duke. *Fla.* Now for the whirlwinds!

Vit. What have I gain'd by thee, but infamy?
Thou hast stain'd the spotless honour of my house
And frighted thence noble society:

Vittoria Corombona.

Like those, which sick 'oth falsie, and retain
 Ill-senting foxes 'bout them, are still shun'd
 By those of choicer nostrills. VVhat do you call this house?
 Is this your palace? did not the Judge stile it
 A house of penitent whores? who sent me to it?
 VVo hath the honour to advance *Vittoria*

To this incontinent colledge? is 't not you?
 Is 't not your high preferment? Go, go brag,
 How many Ladies you have undone, like me.
 Fare you well sir; let me hear no more of you.
 I had a limbe corrupted to an ulcer,
 But I have cut it off: and now ile go
 VVeeping to Heaven on crutches. For your gifts,
 I will return them all; and I do wish
 That I could make you full Executor
 To all my sins: O that I could tosse my self
 Into a grave as quickly: for all thou art worth
 Ile not shed one tear more — Ile burst first.

Bra. I have drunk Lethe:

*She throws her
 self upon a bed.*

Vittoria! My dearest happiness! *Vittoria!*

VVhat do you wish my love? why do you weep?

Vit. Yes, I now weep poniards, do you see?

Bra. Are not those matchless eyes, mine? *Vit.* I had rather
 They were not matchless. *Bra.* Is not this lip, mine?

Vit. Yes: thus to bite it off, rather then give it thee.

Fla. Turn to my Lord, good sister.

Vit. Hence you Pandar.

Fla. Pandar! Am I the author of your sin?

Vit. Yes: Hee's a base thief that a thief lets in,

Fla. VVee're blown up, my Lord.

Bra. VVilt thou bear me?

Once to be jealous of thee, is 't express

That I will love thee everlastingly,

And never more be jealous. *Vit.* O thou fool,

VVhose greatness hath by much oregrown thy wit!

VVhat dar'st thou do, that I not dare to suffer,

Excepting to be still thy whore? for that,

Vittoria Corombona.

In the seas bottom sooner thou shalt make
A bonfire. *Fla.* O, no Oaths for Gods sake.

Bra. Will you hear me? *Vir.* Never.

Fla. What a damn'd imposthume is a womans will,
Can nothing break it; fie, fie, my Lord.
Women are caught as you take Tortoises,
She must be turn'd on her back: Sister, by this hand
I am on your side. Come, come, you have wrong'd her,
What a strange credulous man were you, my Lord,
To think the Duke of *Florence* would love her?
Will any Mercer take anothers ware
When once 'tis tow'd and sullied? And yet, Sister,
How scurvily this frowardness becomes you.

Young Leverets stand not long, and womens anger
Should, like their flight, procure a little sport:
A full cry for a quarter of an hour:

And then be put to th' dead quat. *Bra.* Shall these eyes,
Which have so long time dwelt upon your face,
Be now put out? *Fla.* No cruel Landlady i'th world,
Which lends forth groats to broom-men, and takes use for them
Would do't.

Hand her, my Lord, and kiss her: be not like
A Ferret to let go your hold with blowing.

Bra. Let us renew right hands. *Vir.* Hence.

Bra. Never shall rage, or the forgetful wine,
Make me commit like fault.

Fla. Now you are i'th way on't, follow't hard.

Bra. Be thou at peace with me; let all the world
Threaten, I care not. *Fla.* Mark his penitence;
Best natures do commit the grossest faults,
When they're given o're to jealousy: as best wine
Dying, makes strongest Vinegar. He tell you,
The Seas more rough and raging, then calm Rivers,
But not so sweet, nor wholesome. A quiet woman
Is like a still water under *London-Bridge*.

A man may shoot her safely. *Vir.* O ye dissembling men!

Fla. We suck't that, Sister, from womens breasts, in our

Vittoria Carombona.

first infancy. *Vit.* To adde misery to misery! *Bra*, Sweetest.

Vit. Am I not low enough?

I, I, your good heart gathers like a snow-ball,
Now your affection's cold. *Fla.* Uld's foot, it shall melt
To a heart again, or all the wine in *Rome*
Shall run oth' Lees for't.

Vit. Your dog or hawk should be rewarded better
Then I have been: He speak not one word more.

Fla. Stop her mouth
With a sweet kiss, my Lord.

So now the Tide's turn'd, the vessels come about,
He's a sweet armful. O we curld-hair'd men
Are still most kind to women. This is well.

Bra. That you should chide thus!

Fla. O, Sir, your little Chimnies
Do ever cast most smoke. If I wear for you,
Couple together with as deep a silence,
As did the *Grecians* in their wooden horse,
My Lord supply your promises with deeds,
Ten thousand that painted meat no hunger feed!

Bra. Stay ingrateful *Rome*. (Exit *Bra*.)

Fla. *Rome*: it deserves to be call'd *Barbary*, for our villainous

Bra. Soft, the same project which the Duke of *Florence*,
(Whether in Love or Gallery I know not)
Laid down for her escape, will I pursue

Fla. And no time fitter then this night, my Lord,
The Pope being dead, and all the Cardinals entred
The Conclave, for th' electing a new Pope;
The City in a great confusion;
We may attire her in a Pages suit,
Lay her post-horse, take shipping, and amaine
For *Padua*.

Bra. Instantly steal forth the Prince *Giovanni*,
And make for *Padua*. You two with your old Mother,
And young *Marcello* that attends on *Florence*,
If you can work him to it, follow me;
I will advance you all: for you *Vittoria*,

Think

Vittoria Corombona.

Think of a Dutcheſſes title. *Fla.* I ſee you Siſter.

Stay, my Lord; He tell you a tale. The Crocodile, which lives in the river *Nilus*, hath a worm breeds i'th teeth of't which puts it to extreame anguiſh: a little bird, no bigger then a Wren, is barber-ſurgeon to this Crocodile; flies into the jaws of't, picks out the worm; and brings preſent Remedy. The fiſh, glad of eaſe, but ingrateful to her that did it, that the bird may not talk largely of her abroad for non-payment, cloſeth her chaps intending to ſwallow her, and ſo put her to perpetual ſilence. But nature loathing ſuch ingratitude, hath arm'd this bird with a quill or prick on the head top, which wounds the Crocodile i'th mouth, forceth her open her bloody priſon, and away flies the pretty tooth-picker from her cruel patient.

Bra. Your application is, I have not rewarded The ſervice you have done me. *Fla.* No, my Lord; You Siſter are the Crocodile: you are blemiſht in your fame, My Lord cures it. And though the comparison hold not in every particle, yet obſerve, remember, what good the bird with the prick i'th head hath done you; and ſcorn ingratitude.

It may appear to ſome, ridiculous Thus to talk knave and madman; and ſometimes Come in with a dried ſentence, ſtuff with ſage.

But this allows my varying of ſhapes;
Knaves do grow great by being great mens Apes

Enter Francisca, Lodovico, Gaſper, and ſix Embaſſadors.

Fra. So, my Lord, I commend your diligence. Guard well the conclave, and, as the order is, Let none have conference with the Cardinals.

Lod. I ſhall, my Lord: room for the Embaſſadors.

Gaſ. They're wondrous brave to day: why do they wear Theſe ſeveral habits? *Lod.* O Sir, they're Knights Of ſeveral Orders.

That Lord i'th black cloak, with the ſilver croſs, Is Knight of *Rhodes*; the next, Knight of *S. Michael*; That, of the golden fleece; the French man there, Knight of the Holy Ghoſt; my Lord of *Savoy*

Vittoria Corombona.

Knight of th' Annuntiation, the *Englishman*,
Is Knight of th' honoured Garter, dedicated
Unto their Saint, *S. George*. I could describe to you
Their several Institutions, with the Laws
Annexed to their orders; but that time
Permits not such discovery.

Fra. Count *Ledsick*. *Lad.* My Lord.

Fra. 'Tis oth' point of dinner time,
Marshal the Cardinals service. *Lad.* Sir, I shall.
Stand, let me search your dish, who's this for?

Ser. For my Lord Cardinal *Monticello*.

Lad. Whose this?

Ser. For my Lord Cardinal of *Burbon*.

Fra. Why doth he search the dishes? to observe

What meat is drest? *Eng.* No Sir, but to prevent

Least any letters should be conveyed in,

To bribe or to solícite the advancement

Of any Cardinal, when first they enter

'Tis lawful for the Embassadors of Princes

To enter with them; and to make their suit

For any man their Prince affecteth best.

But after, till a general election,

No man may speak with them.

Lad. You that attend on the Lord Cardinals,

Open the window, and receive their viands.

A. Car. You must return the service; the Lord Cardinals

Are busied about electing of the Pope,

They have given o're scrutiny, and are fallen

To admiration. *Lad.* Away, away.

Fra. Ile lay a thousand Duckets you hear news

Of a Pope presently, hark; surely he's elected

Behold! my Lord of *Aragon* appears

On the Church battlements.

Aragon. *Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum. Reverendiissimi, Card-*

nalis Lorenzo de Monticello electus est in sydem Apostolicam & ele-

git sibi nomen Paulum quartum.

Omnes. *Viva sanctus Pater Paulus Quartus.*

Ser.

Victoria Corombona.

Ser. Victoria, my Lord

Fra. Well: what of her? *Ser. Is fled the City.* *Fra. Ha?*

Ser. With Duke Brachiano, & his blood? *Where the Prince*

Ser. Gone with his father. *How could he?* *(Cries out)*

Fra. Let the Matrons of the Converts

Be apprehended: *Fled?* O damnable

How fortunate are my wishes? *Why?* 'twas this

I only laboured. I did send the letter

T' instruct him what to do. *Thy same, good Duke,*

I first have poison'd; directed thee the way

To marry a whore; what can be worse? this follows,

The hand must act, to drown the passionate tongue,

I scorn to wear a sword, and prate of wrong;

Enter Mauricello's State.

Mon. Concedimus vobis Apostolicam benedictionem, & remissionem

My Lord reports *Katerina Corombona*

Is stoln from forth the house of Converts

By *Brachiano*, and they're fled the City.

Now, though this be the first day of our fear,

We cannot better please the divine power,

Then to sequester from the holy Church

These cursed persons! Make it therefore known,

We do denounce excommunication

Against them both: all that are theirs in Rome;

We likewise banish. Set one *Exeat.*

Fra. Come dear Lodovico,

You have ta'en the sacrament to prosecute

Th' intended murder. *Lod. With all constancy,*

But, Sir, I wonder you't ingage your self,

In person, being a great Prince. *Fra. Divert me not,*

Most of his Court are of my faction,

And some are of my counsell. *Noble friends,*

Our danger shall be like in this design.

Give leave, part of the glory may be mine.

Mon. Why did the Duke of Florence with such care

Labour your pardon? say.

Lod. Italian beggars will resolve you that

Who

Vittoria Corombona

Who, begging of an alms, bid those they beg of, *Enter Mon.*
Do good for their own sakes, or't may be
He spreads his bounty with a sowing hand
Like Kings, who many times give out of their purses
Not for desert so much, as for their pleasure.

Mon. I know you'r cunning. *Come, what devil is that*
That you are railing? *Lod.* Devil, my Lord?

Mon. I ask you.
How dorth the Duke employ you, that his honour
Tell with such complement unto his knee,
When he departed from you? *Lod.* Why, my Lord,
He told me of a resty Barbary horse
Which he would fain have brought to the court,
The fault, and thearing galliard. *Now, my Lord,*
I have a new French Rider.

Mon. Take you heed,
Least the Jade break your neck.

Lod. Do you put me off with
With your wild horse-tricks?

Sirra you see, if I
O, thou'rt a foul black cloud; and thou dost obscure

A violent storm. *Lod.* Storms are in air, my Lord,
I am too low to storm.

Mon. Wretched creature
I know that thou art fashion'd for a still

Like dogs, that once get blood, they'll ever kill
About some murder? wa't not? *Lod.* He not tell you

And yet I care not greatly if I do
Marry with this preparation. Holy father,

I come not to you as an Intelligencer,
But as a penitent sinner.

What I have done, I have done
Is in confession meely, which you know
Must never be reveal'd.

Mon. You have o'restrain'd me
Lod. Sir I did love *Agatha's* Duchess dearly;

Or rather I pursued her with hot lust,
Though she nere knew on't.

She was poison'd
Upon my soul she was: for which I have sworn
To avenge her murder.

Mon. To the Duke of Florence?
Lod. To him I have.

Mon. Miserable Creature
If thou persist in this, 'tis damnable.

Do't thou imagine, thou canst hide
And

Vincenzo Corombona

And not be tainted with a shameful fall,
Or like the black, and melancholick Ew-tree,
Do'st think to root thy self in dead mens graves,
And yet to prosper & instruction to thee;
Comes like sweet showers to over-barded ground:
They wet, but pierce not deep. And so I leave thee,
With all the Furies hanging 'bout thy neck,
Till by thy penitence thou remove this evil,
In conjuring from thy breast that cruel Devil.

Lod. He give it o're. He says 'tis damnable. *Exit Men.*
Besides I did expect his suffrage,
By reason of *Camillo's* death.

Fra. Do you know that Count? *Ser.* Yes, my Lord. *And Francisco.*

Fra. Bear him these thousand Duckets to his lodging,
Tell him the Pope hath sent them. Happily
That will confirm more then all the rest. *Ser.* Sir, good night.

Lod. To me sir?

Ser. His Holiness hath sent you a thousand Crowns,
And wills you, if you travail, to make him
Your Parron for intelligence. *Lod.* His creature ever to be com-

Why now 'tis come about. He rail'd upon me,

And yet these Crowns were told out, and laid ready,

Before he knew my voyage. O the Art,

The modest form of greatness! that do sit

Like Brides at wedding dinners, with their looks turn'd

From the least wanton jest, their pulsing stomach

Sick of the modesty, when their thoughts are loose:

Even acting of those hot and lustful sports

Are to ensue about midnight: such his cunning!

He sounds my depth thus with a golden plummer,

I am doubly arm'd now. Now to th' act of blood,

Ther's but three Furies found in spacious hell,

But in a great mans breast three thousand dwell.

A passage over the stage of Brachiano, Flamineo, Marcello, Horten-

sio, Corombona, Cornelia, Zanche, and others.

Fra. In all the weary minutes of my life,

Day

Vittoria Corombona.

Day neer broke up till now. This marriage
Confirms me happy. *Hor.* 'Tis a good assurance,
Saw you not yet the Moor that's come to Court?

Fla. Yes, and confer'd with him? *th Duke* closer,
I have not seen a goodlier personage,
Nor ever talk't with man better experienc't
In State-affairs, or rudiments of war.
He hath by report, serv'd the *Venitians*
In *Candy*, these twice seven years, and been chief
In many a bold design. *Hor.* What are those two
That bear him company?

Fla. Two Noblemen of *Hungary*, that living in the Emperours
service as Commanders, eight years since; contrary to the expe-
ctation of all the Court, entred into religion, into the strict or-
der of Capuchins: but being not well settled in their undertaking,
they left their Order, and returned to Court: for which, being
after troubled in conscience, they vowed their service against the
enemies of Christ; went to *Malta*, were there knighted, and in
their return back, at this great solemnity, they are resolv'd for
ever to forsake the world, and settle themselves here in a house of
Capuchins in *Padua*. *Hor.* 'Tis strange.

Fla. One thing makes it so. They have vowed for every to wear
next their bare hodies those coats of mail they serv'd in.

Hor. Hard penance.

Is the Moor a Christian? *Fla.* He is.

Hor. Why proffers he his service to our Duke?

Fla. Because he understands, there's like to grow
Some war between us, and the Duke of Florence,
In which he hopes employment.

I never saw one in a stern bold look
Wear more command, nor in a lofty phrase
Express more knowing, or more deep contempt
Of our slight airy Courtiers. He talks

As, if he had travail'd all the Princes Courts
Of Christendom, in all things strives to express,
That all that should dispute with him may know
Glories, like glow-worms, a far off shine bright

Victoria Colomona.

But look't too near, have neither hear, nor sight.

The Duke.

Enter Brachiano, Florence disguised like Malinasso, Lodovico, D'Amboise, Gaspar, bearing their swords and helmets.

Bra. You are nobly welcome. We have heard at full

Your honourable service 'gainst the Turk.

To you, brave *Malinassar*, we assign

A competent pension: and are only sorry

The vows of those two worthy gentlemen

Make them incapable of our proffer'd bounty.

Your wish is, you may leave your worlike swords,

For Monuments in our Chappel. I accept it

As a great honour done me, and must crave

Your leave to furnish out our Dutchess revells.

Onely one thing, as the last vanity

You e're shall view, deny me not to stay

To see a Barriers prepar'd to night:

You shall have private standings: It hath pleas'd

The great Ambassadors of several Princes

In their return from Rome to their own Countries,

To grace our marriage, and to honour me

With such a kinde of port. *Fra.* I shall perswade them

To stay, my Lord.

Exit Brachiano, Flaminius,

Set on there to the presence.

and Marcello.

Lod. My noble Lord, most fortunately welcome,

The Con-

You have our vows seal'd with the Sacrament

spirators

To second your attempts. *Gas.* And all things ready.

here im-

He could not have invented his own ruine

brace,

(Had he despair'd) with more dexterity.

Lod. You would not take my way. *Fra.* 'Tis better ordered.

Lod. I have poison'd his prayer book, or a pair of beads,

The pummel of his saddle, his looking-glass,

Or the handle of his racket: O that, that!

That while he had been bandying at Tennis,

He might have sworn himself to hell, and strook

His soul into the hazard! O my Lord!

I would have our plot be ingenious,

I

And

Vittoria Corombona.

And have it hereafter recorded for example,
Rather then borrow from it: *Fra.* There's no way
More speeding then this thought on. *Lod.* On then.

Fra. And yet we think, that this revenge is poor,
Because it steals upon him like a thief,
To have gain him by the Cask in a pitch field
Led him to Florence! *Lod.* It had been rare. And there
Have crown'd him with a wreath of stinking Garlick,
T'have shewn the sharpness of his Government, *Bernar Lamberto;*
And rankness of his lust—*but peace:* *Amantio.*
Flamino comes. *Enter Flamino, Marcusa, and Zanche.*

Mar. Why doth this devil haunt you? *Fay.*

Fla. I know not:

For (by this light) I do not conjure for her:

'Tis not so great a cunning as men think

To raise the Devil, her's one up already,

The greatest cunning were to lay him down.

Mar. She is your shame, *Fra.* I prethee pardon her.

In faith you see, women are like to burs;

Where there affection throws them, there they stick.

Zan. That is my Country man, a goodly person!

When he's at leisure I'll discourse with him

In our own language. *Fra.* I beseech you do,

How is't brave souldier; O that I had seen

Some of your iron days! I pray, relate

Some of your service to us.

Fra. 'Tis a ridiculous thing for a man to be his own Chronicle, I
did never wash my mouth with mine own praise, for fear of get-
ting a stinking breath.

Mar. You a top Stoical. The Duke will expect other discourse
from you.

Fra. I shall never flatter him, I have studied man to much to do
that: What difference is between the Duke and I? no more then
between two bricks, all made of one clay. Only t may be, one is
plac't on the top of a Turret, the other in the bottom of a Well, by
meer chance; if I were plac't as high as the Duke, I should stick as
fast; make as fair a shew; and bear our weather equally.

Fla.

Vittoria Corombona.

Fla. If this souldier had a patent to beg in Churches, then he would tell them stories. *Mar.* I have been a souldier too.

Fra. How have you thriv'd. *Mar.* Faith poorly.

Fra. That's the misery of peace. Only out-sides are then respected: As ships seem very great upon the river, which shew vrey little upon the Seas: So some men i'th Court, seem *Colossus* in a chamber, who if they came into the field would appear pittifull Dignities.

Fla. Give me a fair room yet hung with Arras, and some great Cardinal to lug me by the ears, as his endeared Minion.

Fra. And thou maist do the devil knowes what villany.

Fla. And safely.

Fra. Right you shall see in the Country, in harvest time, pigeons, though they destroy never so much corn, the Farmer dare not present the fowling peice to them; why? because they belong to the Lord of the Mannor, whilst your poor Sparrows, that belong to the Lord of Heaven, they go to the pot for't.

Fla. I will now give you some politick instructions. The Duke says, he will give you a pension; that's but bare promise: get it under his hand. For I have known men that have come from serving again the Turk; for three or four months, they have had pension to buy them new wooden leggs, and fresh plaisters; but after, 'twas not to be had. And this miserable curtesie shews, as if a Tormenter should give her cordial drinks to one three quarters dead o'th' rack, only to fetch the miserable soul again to endure more Dog-days.

Enter Horatio, A Courtier and Zanche.

* *How now, Gallants; what are they ready for the Barriers?*

Caro. Yes: the Lords are priting on their armour.

Hor. What's she?

Fla. A new up-start: One that swears like a Falconer, and will lye in the Duke's ear day by day like a maker of Almanacks; And yet I knew him since he came to th' Court smell worse of sweat, then an under tennis-court-keeper.

Hor. Look you, yonder's your sweet Mistress.

Fla.

Victoria Corombona.

Fla. Thou art my sworn brother: ile tell thee, I do love that
Witch very constrainedly: she knows some of my
Villany: I do love her just as a man holds a wolf by the ears.
But for fear of turning upon me, and pulling out my throat, I
would let her go to the Devil.

Hor. I hear she claims marriage of thee.

Fla. Faith I made to her some such dark promise, and in seek-
ing to flee from 't I run on, like a frightened dog with a botch on his
tail, that fain would bite it off, and yet dares not look behind him.
Now my precious Gipsie

Zan. I, your love to me rather cools then heats.

Fla. Marry, I am the sounder lover, we have many wenches a-
bout the Town heat too fast.

Hor. What do you think of these perfum'd Gallants then?

Fla. Their Sattin cannot save them. I am confident, and
They have a certain spice of the disease: For they that sleep with dogs, shall rise with fleas.

Zan. Believe it! A little painting and gay clothes,
Make you loath me.

Fla. How? love a Lady for painting or gay apparel? ile un-
kennel one example more for thee. *Fla.* had a foolish dog that
let go the flesh to catch the shadow: I would have Courtiers be
better Divers. **Zan.** You remember your oaths.

Fla. Lovers oaths are like Mariners prayers; uttered in extre-
mity; but when the tempest is o're, and that the vessel leaves coin-
bling, they fall from protesting to drinking. And yet amongst
Gentlemen, protesting and drinking go together, and agree as
well as Shoemakers and West-phalia-bacon. They are both draw-
ers on: for drink draws on protestation and protestation draws
on more drink. Is not this discourse better now then the mortality
of your sun-burnt Gentleman.

Enter Cornelia.
Cor. Is this your pearch, you baggard? flee to th' stew.

Fla. You should be clapt by th' heels now: strike it th' Court?

Zan. She's good for nothing but to make her maids
Catch cold a nights; they dare not use bed-staff,
For fear of her light fingers. **Mar.** You're a strumpet
An impudent one, **Fla.** Why do you kick her? say.

Vittoria Corombona.

Do you think that she's like a Walnut-tree?
Must she be cudgel'd ere she bear good fruit?

Mar. She brags that you shall marry her. *Fra.* What then?

Mar. I had rather she were pitcht upon a stake
In some new-seeded garden, to affright
Her fellow crows thence. *Fra.* You're a boy, a fool,
Be guardian to your hound; I am of age.

Mar. If I take her near you, ile cut her throat.

Fra. With a fan of feathers? *Mar.* And for you, ile whip
This folly from you. *Fra.* Are you cholerick?

Hor. O, your brother. *Fra.* Hang him.

He wrongs me most, that ought to offend me least,

I do suspect, my mother plaid foul play,

When she conceiv'd thee. *Mar.* Now by all my hopes,

Like the two slaughtered Sons of *Oedipus*,

The very flames of our affection,

Shall turn two ways: Those words ile make thee answer

With thy heart-blood. *Fra.* Do, like the gesse in the progress,

You know where you shall find me. *Mar.* Very good,

And thou be'st a noble friend, bear him my sword,

And bid him fit the length on't. *Courts.* Sir I shall.

Zav. He comes. Hence petty thought of my disgrace,

I re'r lov'd my complexion till now,

'Cause I may boldly say without a blush,

I love you. *Fra.* Your love is untimely sown,

There's a Spring at *Michaelmas*, but 'tis but a faint one, I am sunk

In years, and I have vowed never to marry.

Zav. Alas I poor maids get more lovers, then husbands:

Yet you may mistake my wealth. For, as when Embassadors

are sent to congratulate Princes, there's commonly sent along

with them a rich present; so that though the Prince like not the

Embassadors person, nor words, yet he likes well of the present-

ment. So I may come to you in the same manner, & be better loved

for my dowry, then my vertue. *Fra.* Ile think on the motion,

Zav. Do, ile now detain you no longer. At your better leisure

ile tell you things shall startle your blood,

Nor blame me that this passion I reveal;

Lovers

Vittoria Casombona.

Lovers die inward that their flames conceal.

Fra. Of all intelligence, this may prove the best.
Sure I shall draw strange soup, from this fowl nest. *Exeunt.*

Enter Marcello and Cornelia.

Cor. I hear a whispering all about the Court,
You are to fight, who is your opposite?
What is the quarrel? *Mar.* 'Tis an idle rumour.

Cor. Will you dissemble? sure you do not well
To fright me thus, you never look thus pale,
But when you are most angry. I do charge you
Upon my blessing, nay Ile call the Duke,
And he shall school you. *Mar.* Publish not a fear,
Which would convert to laughter; 'tis not so,
Was not this Crucifix my fathers? *Cor.* Yes.

Mar. I have heard you say, giving by brother suck,
He took the Crucifix between his hands,
And broke a limb off. *Cor.* Yes: but 'tis mended. *Enter Flaminio.*

Fla. I have brought your weapon back. *Flaminio runs.*

Cor. Ha, O my horror! *Marcello through.*

Mar. You have brought it home indeed.

Cor. Help oh, he's murdered.

Fla. Do you turn your gall up? Ile to sanctuary,
And send a Surgeon to you. *Hor.* How? oth' ground?

Mar. O mother now remember what I told,
Of breaving of the Crucifix, farewell, *Enter Hor.*

There are some sins, which heaven doth duly punish
In a whole family. This it is to rise

By all dishonest means. Let all men know.

That tree shall long time keep a steady foot,
Whose branches breed no wilder, then the root.

Cor. O my perpetual sorrow! *Hor.* Vertuous *Marcello.*
He's dead: pray leave him Lady: come, you shall.

Cor. Alas! he is not dead, he's in a trance.
Why heres no body shall get any thing by his death, Let me call
him again for Gods sake. *Cor.* I would you were deceiv'd.

Cor. O you abuse me, you abuse me, you abuse me. How many
have gone away thus, for lack of tendance, fear up's head,
rear

Vittoria Corombona.

rear up's head : his bleeding inward will kill him.

Her. You see he is departed.

Cor. Let me come to him, give me him as he is, if he be turn'd to earth, let me but give him one hearty kiss, and you shall put us both into one Coffin: fetch a looking-glass, see if his breath will not stain it; or pull out some feathers from my pillow, and lay them to his lips, will you loose him for a little pains taking?

Her. Your kindest office is to pray for him.

Cor. Alas ! I would not pray for him yet. He may live to lay me i'th ground, and pray for me, if you'll let me come to him.

Enter Brachiano all armed, save the Beaver, with Flaminio and Page.

B.a. Was this your handy-work?

Fla. It was my Misfortune.

Cor. He lies, he lies, he did not kill him : these have kill'd him, that would not let him be better look't too.

Bra. Have comfort my grieved mother.

Cor. O yon scritch-owl ! *Her.* Forbear good Madam,

Cor. Let me go, let me go.

The God of heaven forgive thee. Do'st not wonder I pray for thee? He tell thee what's the reason, *She runs to Flaminio with her knife drawn and coming to him, lets it fall.* I have scarce breath to number twenty minutes, I'de not spend that in cursing. Fare thee well, Half of thy self lies there : and maist thou live, To fill an hour-glass with his mouldred ashes, To tell, how thou should'st spend the time to come, In blest repentance. *Bra.* Mother, pray tell me How came he by his death? what was the quarrel?

Cor. Indeed, my younger boy presum'd too much Upon his manhood, gave him bitter words, Drew his sword first, and so I know not how, For I was out of my wits, he fell with's head Just in my bosom. *Page.* This is not true, Madam.

Cor. I pray thee peace.

One arrow's graz'd already, it were vain To lose this, for that will near be found again.

Bra. Go, bear the body to *Cornelia's* lodging : And we command that none acquaint our Dutchess

With

Vittoria Corombona.

With this sad accident for you *Flamino*,
 Heark you, I will not grant your pardon. *Fla.* No.
Bra. Only a lease of your life. And that shall last
 But for one day. Thou shalt be forc'd each evening to renew it,
 or be hang'd. *Fla.* At your pleasure. *Enter Lod. and Fra.*
Lodovico sprinkles Brachiano's Fever with a poison.
 Your will is law now, ile not meddle with it.

Bra. You once did brave me in your Sisters lodging.
 Ile now keep you in awe for't. Where's our Beaver?
Fra. He calls for his destruction. Noble youth,
 I pity thy sad fate, now to the barriers.
 This shall his passage to the black lake further,
 The last good deed he did, he pardon'd murder.
Charges and shoots, they fight at barriers, first single pairs, then three

Act 5.

Enter Brachiano and Flamino, with others.

Bra. An Armorer? ud's death an Armorer?
Fla. Armorer; where's the Armorer?
Bra. Tear off my Beaver. *Fla.* Are you hurt, my Lord?
Bra. O my brain's on fire. *Enter Armorer.*
 The Helmet is poisoned. *Arm.* My Lord upon my soul.
Bra. Away with him to torture.
 There are some great ones that have hand in this,
 And near about me. *Vit.* O my loved Lord, poisoned?
Fla. Remove the bar: here's unfortunate revels,
 Call the Physicians; a plague upon you. *Enter two Physicians.*
 We have too much of your cunning here already.
 I fear the Ambassadors are likewise poison'd.

Bra. Oh! I am gon already: the infection
 Flies to the brain and heart. O thou strong heart
 There's such a covenant 'tween the world and it
 They're loath to break. *Om.* O my most loved father!

Bra. Remove the boy away,
 Where's this good woman? had I infinite worlds
 They were too little for thee. Must I leave thee?
 What say yon scritch-owl, is the venome mortal?
Phy. Most deadly. *Bra.* Most corrupted pollick hangman!

You

Vittoria Corombona.

You kill without book ; but your art to save,
Fails you as oft, as great mens needy friends.
I that have given life to offending slaves,
And wretched murderers ; have I not power
To lengthen mine own a twelve-month ?
Do not kiss me, for I shall poyson thee.
This unction is sent from the great Duke of Florence.

Fra. Sir, be of comfort.

Bra. O thou soft natural death, that are joint-twin
To sweetest slumber : no rough-bearded Comet
Stares on thy milde departure : the dull Owle
Beats not against thy casement : the hoarse wolf
Sents not thy carrier. Pity winde thy course,
Whilest horror waits on Prince. *Vir.* I am lost for ever.

Bra. How miserable a thing it is to die,
'Mongst women howling ! What are those. *Fla. Franciscans.*
They have brought the extream unction.

Bra. On pain of death, let no man name death to me,
It is a word infinitely terrible :

Withdraw into our Cabinet. *Exitunt but Francisco, and Flaminto.*

Fla. To see what solitariness is about dying Princes. As
heretofore they have unpeopled Towns, divorc't friends, and
made great houses unhospitable : so now, O justice ! where are
their flatterers now ? Flatterers are but the shadows of Princes
bodies, the least thick cloud makes them invisible.

Fra. There's great moan made for him.

Fla. 'Faith, for some few hours salt water will run most plen-
tifully in every Office o'th Court. But believe it, most of them
do but weep over their step-mothers grave.

Fra. How mean you ?

Fla. Why ? They dissemble, as some men do that live
Within compass o'th verge.

Fra. Come, you have thriv'd well under him.

Fla. 'Faith, like a wolf in a womans breast ; I have been fed
with poultry ; but for money, understand me, I had as good a
will to couzen him, as e're an Officer of them all. But I had not
cunning enough to do it.

Victoria Corombona.

Fra. What didst thou think of him; 'saith, speak freely,

Fla. He was a kind of Statesman; that would sooner have reckon'd how many Canon bullets he had discharged against a Town, to count his expence that way, then how many of his valiant and deserving subjects he lost before it.

Fra. O, speak well of the Duke. *Fla.* I have done. Will't hear some of my Court-wisdom?

Enter Lodovico. To reprehend Princes is dangerous: and to over-commend some of them, is palpable lying. *Fra.* How is it with the Duke?

Lod. Most deadly ill.

Hee's fal'n into a strange distraction.

He talks of Battails and Monopolies,

Levying of taxes, and from that, descends

To the most brain-sick language. His mind fastens

On twenty several objects, which confound

Deep sense with folly. Such a fearful end,

May teach some men that bear too lofty creit,

Though they live happiest, yet they die not best.

He hath confer'd the whole State of the Dukedome

Upon your sister, till the Prince arrive.

At mature age. *Fla.* There's some good luck in that yet.

Fra. See, here he comes. *Enter Brachiano, presented in a bed,*
There's death in's face already. *Victoria, and others.*

Vit. O my good Lord! *Bra.* Away, you have abus'd me:

You have convey'd coyne forth our territories;

Bought and sold offices, oppress'd the poor,

And I ne're dreamt on't. Make up your accounts;

I'e now be my own Steward. *Fra.* Sir, have patience.

Bra. Indeed, I am to blame.

For did you ever hear the duskie raven

Chide blackness, or was't ever known, the devil

Rail'd against cloven Creatures? *Vit.* O my Lord?

Bra. Let me have some Quails to supper. *Fla.* Sir, you shall.

Fra. No: some fried dog-fish; Your Quails feed on poyson.

That old dog-fox, that Politician Florence!

I'e forsworn hunting, and turn dog-killer;

Rare! I'e be friends with him; for mark you, sir, one dog

Still

Vittoria Corombona.

Still sets another a barking: peace, peace,
Yonder's a fine slave come in now. *Fla.* Where?

Bra. Why there.

In a blew bonnet, and a pair of breeches
With a great codpiece. Ha, ha, ha,
Look you, his codpiece is stuck full of pinnes
With pearls o'th head of them. Do not you know him?

Fla. No, my Lord. *Bra.* Why 'tis the Devil,
I know him by a great rose he wears on's shoos
To hide his cloven foot: I'll dispute with him,
Hee's a rare linguist. *Vit.* My Lord here's nothing.

Bra. Nothing? rare! nothing? when I want money,
Our treasury is empty, there is nothing;
I'll not be us'd thus. *Vit.* O! 'ye still, my Lord.

Bra. See, see, *Flaminto* that kill'd his brother,
Is dancing on the ropes there: and he carries
A money-bag in each hand, to keep him even,
For fear of breaking's neck. And there's a Lawyer
In a gown whipt with velvet, stares and gapes
When the money will fall. How the rogue cuts capers!
It should have been in a halter.

'Tis there; what's she! *Fla.* *Vittoria*, my Lord.

Bra. Ha, ha, ha. Her hair is sprinkled with Arras powder, that
makes her look as if she had sinn'd in the Pastry. What's he?

Fla. A Divine, my Lord.

Bra. He will be drunk: Avoid him: th'argument *Brachiano*
is fearful, when Church-men stagger in't. *seems here near*
Look you; six gray cats that have lost their *his end, Lodovico*
tails, crawl up the pillow; send for a Rat-catcher: *and Gaspere in*
I'll do a miracle: I'll free the Court *the habit of Capuchins,*
From all foul vermine. Where's *Flaminto* *disgraces him in his*

Fla. I do not like, that he names me so often, *bed, with a Cru-*
Especially on's death-bed: 'tis a sign *cifix and halloved*
I shall not live long: see hee's near his end. *candle.*

Lod. Pray give us leave; *Attende Dominus Brachiano,*

Fla. See, see how firmly he doth fix his eye
Upon the Crucifix. *Vit.* O, hold it constant.

Vittoria Corombona.

It settles his wild spirits ; and so his eyes
Melt into tears.

By the Cru- Lod. Domine Brachiane, solabas in bell. tutus esse tuo clypeo,
cifix. nunc hunc clypeum hosti tuo opponas infernali.

Gaf. Olim hasta voluisti in bello ; nunc hanc sacram hastam vi-
brabis contra hostem animarum.

By the hal- Lod. Attende Domine Brachiane, si nunc quoque probas ea, qua
lowed taper, acta sunt inter nos, flecte caput in dextrum.

Gaf. Esto securus Domine Brachiane : cogita, quantum hab'as
meritorum : denique memineris meam animam pro tua oppugnatam
si quid esset periculi.

Lod. Si nunc quoque probas ea, qua acta sunt inter nos, flecte ca-
put in laevum.

He is departing : pray, stand all apart ;
And let us onely whisper in his ears
Some private meditations, which our order
Permits you not to hear. Gaf. Brachiano. Here the rest
being departed, Lo-

Lod. Devil Brachiano. devico, and Gasparo discover
Thou art damn'd Gaf. Perpetually. themselves.

Lod. A slave condemn'd, and given up to the gallows,
Is thy great Lord and Master: Gaf. True : for thou
Art given up to the Devil. Lod. O you slave !

You that were held the famous Politician,
Whose art was poyson. Gaf. And whose conscience murder.

Lod. That would have broke your wives neck down the stairs,
ere she was poyson'd. Gaf. That had your villanous fallets,

Lod. And fine imbroidered bottles, and perfumes
Equally mortal with a winter plague.

Gaf. Now there's Mercury.

Lod. And Copperas.

Gaf. And Quicksilver.

Lod. With other devilish Apothecary stuff,
A melting in your politick brains : do'st hear.

Gaf. This is Count Lodovico. Lod. This, Gasparo ;
And thou shalt die like a poore rogue. Gaf. And stinke
Like a dead flie-blowne dog.

Lod. And be forgotten before thy funerall sermon.

Bra,

Vittoria Corombona.

Bra. Vittoria ! Vittoria ! *Lod.* O the cursed devil
Comes to himself again : We are undone.

Enter Vittoria, Francisco, and the attend.

Gas. Strangle him in private. What ? will you call him again
To live in treble torments ? for charity,
For Christian charity, avoid the chamber. *Exeunt.*

Lod. You would prate, Sir. This is a true-love-knot
Sent from the Duke of *Florence*, *Brachiano is strangled.*

Gas. What is it done ?

Lod. The snuff is out. No woman-keeper i'th world,
Th'ugh she had practis'd seven year at the Pest-house, *They*
Could have don't quaintlier. My Lords, hee's dead. *return.*

Omn. Rett to his scul.

Vitt. O me ! this place is hell.

Exit Vittoria.

Fra. How heavily she takes it ! *Fla.* O yes, yes ;
Had women navigable rivers in their eyes,
They would dispend them all ; surely, I wonder
Why we should wish more rivers to the City,
When they sell water so good cheap. 'le tell thee,
These are but Moonish shades of griefs or fears ;
There's nothing sinner dry, then womens tears.
Why here's an end of all my harvest ; he ha's given me nothing.
Court promises ! Let wise men count them curst ;
For while you live, he that scores best, payes worst.

Fra. Sure, this was *Florence* doing. *Fla.* Very likely.

Those are sound weighty strokes which come from th'hand,

Put those are killing strokes which come from th'head.

O the rare tricks of a Machiavillian !

He doth not come, like a gross plodding slave,

And buffet you to death : No, my quaint knave,

He tickles you to death, makes you die laughing,

As if you had swallow'd down a pound of saffron.

You see the feat, 'tis practis'd in a trice ;

To teach Court-honesty, it jumps on ice.

Fra. Now have the people liberty to talk,
And descant on his vices. *Fla.* Misery of Princes,
That must of force be censur'd by their slaves !

Vittoria Corembona.

Not only 'blam'd for doing things are ill,
But for not doing all that all men will;
One were better be a thresher.

Uds death, I would fain speak with this Duke yet.

Fra. Now hee's dead?

Fla. I cannot conjure; but if prayers or oaths
Will get to th'speech of him, though forty Devils
Wait on him in his livery of flames,

I'll speak to him, and shake him by the hand,
Though I be blasted. *Fra.* Excellent *Lodovico*!
What? did you terrifie him at the last gasp?

Exit Flamino.

Lod. Yes, and so idely, that the Duke had like
To have terrified us. *Fra.* How?

Enter Zanch.

Lod. You shall hear that hereafter,
See! yon's the infernal, that would make up sport.
Now to the revelation of that secret
She promis'd when she fell in love with you.

Fra. You're passionately met in this sad world.

Zan. I would have you look up, Sir; these Court-tears
Claim not your tribute to them. Let those weep
That guiltily partake in the sad cause.
I knew last night, by a sad dream I had,
Some mischief would ensue; yet, to say truth,
My dream most concern'd you.

Lod. Shall's fall a dreaming?

Fra. Yes, and for fashion sake, I'll dream with her.

Zan. Me thought, fir, you came stealing to my bed.

Fra. Wilt thou believe me, sweeting? By this light,
I was a dreamt on thee too; for me thought
I saw thee naked. *Zan.* Fie, fir! as I told you,
Me thought you lay down by me.

Fra. So dreamt I;
And lest thou should'st take cold, I cover'd thee
With this Irish mantle. *Zan.* Verily, I did dream
You were somewhat bold with me: but to come to't.

Lod. How? how? I hope you will not go to't there.

Fra. Nay, you must hear my dream out.

Zan.

Victoria Carombona.

Zan. Well, fir, forth.

Fra. When I threw the mantle o're thee, thou didst laugh
Exceedingly me thought. *Zan.* Laugh!

Fla. And cryed'st out,
The hair did tickle thee. *Zan.* There was a dream indeed!

Lod. Marke her, I prithee, she simpers like the suddes
A Collier hath bin wash't in.

Zan. Come, fir; good fortune tends you; I did tell you
I would reveal a secret: *Isabella*

The Duke of Florence sister, was impoison'd
By a 'fum'd picture: and *Camillo's* neck
Was broke by damn'd *Flaminto*, the mischance
Laid on a vaulting horse. *Fra.* Most strange!

Zan. Most true. *Lod.* The bed of snakes is broke.

Zan. I sadly do confesse I had a hand
In the black deed.

Fra. Thou kept'st their counsel. *Zan.* Right,
For which, urg'd with contrition, I intend

This night to rob *Vittoria*. *Lod.* Excellent penitence!
Usurers dream on't, while they sleep out Sermons.

Zan. To further our escape. I have entreated

Leave to retire me, till the funerals,
Unto a friend i'th country. That excuse

Vill further our escape. In coin and jewels
I shall at least make good unto your use

Ap hundred thousand crowns. *Fra.* O noble wench!

Lod. Those crowns, wee'l share. *Zan.* It is a dowry.

Methinks, should make that sun-burnt proverb false,

And wash the Ethiop white. *Fra.* It shall; away.

Zan. Be ready for our flight. *Fra.* An hour fore day.

O strange discovery! why till now we knew not

The circumstance of either of their deaths.

Zan. You'l wait about midnight

In the Chappell. *Fra.* There.

Lod. Why now our actions justified.

Fra. Tush for justice!

What harms it Justice? we now, like the partridge,

Purge

Vittoria Corombona.

Purge the disease with laurell : for the same,
Shall crown the enterprize, and quit the shame. *Exeunt.*

Enter Flam. and Gasp. at one door, another way
Giovanni attended.

Gasp. The yong Duke ! Did you e're see a sweeter Prince ?

Flam. I have known a poor womans bastard better favour'd.
This is behind him : Now, to his face, all comparisons are hateful:
Wife was the Courdy Peacock, that being a great Minion, and
being compar'd for beauty, by some dottrels that stood by, to
the Kingly Eagle, said ; The Eagle was a farr fairer bird then
herself, not in respect of her feathers, but in respect of her long
Talons : His will grow out in time. —

My gracious Lord. *Gio.* I pray leave me, Sir.

Fla. Your Grace must be merry : 'tis I have cause to mourn ;
for wot you what said the little boy that rode behind his father on
horseback ? *Gio.* Why, what said he ?

Fla. When you are dead, Father, (said he) I hope that I shall
ride in the saddle ; O 'tis a brave thing for a man to sit by himself,
he may stretch himself in the stirrops, look about, and see the
whole compasse of the Hemisphere, you're now, my Lord, i'th
saddle. *Gio.* Study your prayers, sir, and be penitent ;
'Twere fit you'd think on what hath former bin,
I have heard grief nam'd the eldest child of sin. *Exit Gio.*

Fla. Study my prayers ? he threatens me divinely ;
I am falling to pieces already : I care not, though like *Anacharsis*
I were pounded to death in a mortar. And yet that death were
fitter for Usurers gold, and themselves to be beaven together, to
make a most cordial cullice for the devil,
He hath his Uncles villanous look already *Enter Courtier.*
In decimo sexto. Now, sir, what are you ?

Cour. It is the pleasure, sir, of the Duke,
That you forbear the Presence, and all rooms,
That owe him reverence.

Fla. So, the wolfe and the raven are very pretty foolles, when
they are young. Is it your office, sir, to keep me out ?

Cour. So the Duke wills.

Flam. Verily, Master Courtier, extremity is not to be used
in

Victoria Corembona.

in all offices: Say, that a Gentlewoman were taken out of her bed about midnight, and committed to Castle *Angelo*, to the Tower yonder, with nothing about her, but her smock: would it not shew a cruel part in the gentleman porter to lay claim to her upper garment, pull it o're her head and ears, and put her in naked? *Cor.* Very good: you are merry.

Fla. Dost he make a Court-ejectionment of me? A flaming fire brand casts more smoke without a Chimney, then within. He smoo're some of them.

Enter Francisco.

How now? Thou art sad.

Fra. I met even now with the most piteous sight.

Fla. Thou met'st another here, a pitiful Degraded Courtier. *Fra.* Your reverend mother

Is grown a very old woman in two hours.

I found them winding of *Marcello's* coarse,

And there is such a solemn melody,

'Tween doleful songs, tears, and sad Elegies:

Such, as old grandames, watching by the dead,

Were wont t'out-wear the nights with; that believe me,

I had no eyes to guide me forth the room,

They were so ore-charg'd with water. *Fla.* I will see them.

Fra. 'Twere much uncharity in you: for your sight

Will add unto their tears. *Fla.* I will see them.

They are behind the Traverse. He discover

Their superstitious howling.

Cornelia, the Moor, and 3. other Ladies discovered winding

Marcello's coarse. A Song.

Cor. This Rosemary is wither'd, pray, get fresh;

I would have these herbs grow up in his grave,

When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bayes,

He tie a garland here about his head:

'Twill keep my boy from lightning. This sheet

I have kept this twenty years, and every day.

Hallow'd it with my prayers, I did not think,

He should have wore it. *Moor.* Look you, who are yonder?

Cor. O reach me the flowers.

Moor. Her Ladyship's foolish, *Wom.* Alas! her grief

Hath

Victoria Corombona.

Hadst turn'd her child again. *Co.* You're very welcome.
 There's Rosemary for you, and Rue for you. *To Flaminia.*
 Hearts-ease for you. I pray make much of it.
 I have left more for my self. *Fra.* Lady who's this?
Co. You are, I take it, the grave-maker. *Fla.* So.
Moor. 'Tis Flaminia.

Co. Will you make me such a fool? here's a white hand:
 Can blood so soon be wash'd out? Let me see,
 When scritch-owls croak upon the Chimney tops,
 And the strange Cricket i'th oven sings, and hoppers,
 When yellow spots do on your hands appear,
 Be certain then you of a Coarse shall hear.
 Out upon't, how 'tis speckled! 'h'as hancled a Toad sure.
 Cowslip water is good for the memory: pray buy me 3. ounces
 of't. *Fla.* I would I were from hence. *Co.* Do you hear Sir?
 He give you a saying which my Grand-mother
 Was wont, when she heard the bell toll, to sing o're unto her lute
Fla. Do and you will, do.

Co. Call for the Robin-Red-breast, and the Wren,
 Since 'ere shady groves they hover, *Cornelia doth this*
 And with leaves and flowers do cover *in several forms*
 The friendless bodies of upburi'd men. *of different*
 Call unto his funeral Dile
 The Ant, the Field-mouse, and the Mole
 To rear him hillocks, that shall keep him warm,
 And (when gay Tombs are rot'd) sustain no harm,
 But keep the wolf far thence: that's for to men,
 For with his nails he'll dig them up again.
 They would not bury him, 'cause he dyed in a quarrel,
 But I have an answer for them.
 Let holy Church receive him duly,
 Since he paid the Church his duty.
 His wealth is sum'd, and this is all his store:
 This poor men get, and great men get no more.
 Now the wares are gon, we may shut up.
 Bless you all good people. *Exeunt Cornelia and Lady.*
Fla. I have a strange thing in me, to th' which

Vittoria Corambona.

I cannot give a name, without he
 Compassion, I pray leave me
 This night I'll know the name of my face,
 He be resolv'd what my rich Sister means
 T'assign me for my service: I have liv'd
 Riotously ill, like some that live in Court
 And sometimes, when his face was full of smiles
 Have felt the maza of conscience in my breast
 Oft gay and honour'd robes that surround my
 "We think cag'd birds sing, when indeed they cry:
 Ha! I can stand thee. Nearer, nearer yet
 What a mockery hath death made thee: thou look'st sad.
 In what place art thou? in your stony gallery,
 Or in the caged dungeon? No, not speak
 Pray, Sir, relieve me, what Religion's best
 For a man to die in? or is it in your knowledge
 To answer me how long I have to live?
 That's the most necessary question
 Nor answer? Are you still, like some great men
 That only walk like shadows up and down
 And to no purpose: say: how many days
 What's that? O fatal! he throws earth upon me
 A dead mans skull beneath the roots of flowers
 I pray speak Sir, Our Italian Church men
 Make us believe, dead men hold conference
 With their familiars, and many times
 Will come to bed to them, and eat with them.
 He's gone; and see, the skull and earth are vanish.
 This is beyond melancholy, I do dare my fate
 To do it's worst. Now to my Sisters lodging
 And summe up all these horrors, the disgrace
 The Prince threw on me; next the pitcon sight
 Of my dead brother, and my mothers' outrage;
 And last this terrible vision. All these
 Shall with Vittoria's bountie turn to good,
 Or I will drown this weapon in her blood.

Enter Friar, Lodovico, and Hortensio.

Lod.

Lod.

Virtoria Corombona.

Lrd. My Lord, upon my soul you shall no further
You have most ridiculously engag'd your self
Too far already. For my part, I have paid
All my debts: so, if I should chance to fall,
My Creditors fall not with me; and I vow
To quit all in this bold assembly,
To the meanest follower. My Lord leave this City,
Or ile forswear the murder. *Fla.* Farewell *Lrd.*
If thou do'st perish in this glorious act,
Ile rear unto thy memory that fame,
Shall in the ashes keep alive thy name. *Exit.*

Hor. There's some black deed on foot; Ile presently
Down to the Cittadel, and raise some force
These strong Court-factions; that do brook no checks,
In the Career oft break the riders necks. *Exit.*

Fla. What? are you at your prayers? Give o're. *Enter Vito-*

Vit. How Ruffin?

Fla. I come to you, 'bout worldly business;
Sit down, sit down; Nay, stay; Blotze, you may hear it,
The doors are fast enough. *Vit.* Are you drunk? *Fla.*

Fla. Yes, yes, with wormwood water, you shall taste
Some of it presently. *Vit.* What intends the Fury?

Fla. You are my Lords Executrix, and I claim
Reward for my long service, *Vit.* For you service?

Fla. Come therefore, here's pen and ink, set down
What you will give me.

Vit. There. *Fla.* Ha! have you done already,
'Tis a most short conveyance. *Vit.* I will read it.

I give that portion to thee, and no other
Which Cain groan'd under, having slain his brother.

Fla. A most Courtylly patent to beg by!

Vit. You are a Villaine.

Fla. Is't come to this? they say, affrights cure Agues:
Thou hast a Devil in thee; I will try
If I can scare him from thee. Nay sit still;
My Lord hath left me yet two case of Jewels
Shall make me scorn your bounty; you shall see them. *Exit.*

Vit.

Victoria Corombona

Vir. Sure he's distracted, *Zan.* O he's desperate! *And return?*
For your own safety give him gentle language *with two case*

Fla. Look, these are better far at a dead life, *of puffs.*
Then all your Jewel house, *Vir.* And yet methinks,
These stones have no fair lustre, they are ill set.

Fla. He turn the right side toward you: you shall see how
they will sparkle. *Vir.* Turn this horror from me:

What do you want? what would you have me do?
Is not all mine yours? have I any children?

Fla. Pray thee, good woman, do not trouble me
With this vain worldly business, say your prayers,

I made a vow to my deceased Lord,
Neither your self, nor I should out-live him.

The numbring of four hours. *Vir.* Did he enjoyn it,
Fla. He did, and 'twas a deadly jealousy,

Least any should enjoy thee after him,
That urg'd him vow me to it: For my death,

I did propound it voluntarily, knowing,
If he could not be safe in his own Court

Being a great Duke; what hope then for us?
Vir. This is your melancholy, and despair'd *Fla.* Away,

Fool thou art, to think that Politicians
Do use to kill the effects of injuries

And let the cause live: shall we groan in irons,
Or be a shameful, and a weighty burthen

To a publick Scaffold: This is my resolve:
I would not live at any mans entreaty,

Nor die, at any's bidding. *Vir.* Will you hear me?
Fla. My life hath done service to other men,

My death shall serve mine own turn; make you ready.
Vir. Do you mean to die indeed.

Fla. With as much pleasure,
As ere my father gat me. *Vir.* Are the doors lockt?

Zan. Yes Madam.
Vir. Are you grown an Atheist? will you turn your body,

Which is the goodly palace of the soul,
To the souls slaughter-house? O the cursed Devil

Which.

Victoria Corembona.

Which doth present us with all other sins
Thrice Candied o're, despair with Gull and Scribbum.
Yet we carouse it off; Cry out for help,
Makes us forsake that which was made for Man,
The world, to sink to that was made for Devils,
Eternal darkness. *Zan.* Help, help. *Fla.* I'll stop your throat
With Winter-plums. *Vit.* I prethee yet remember,
Millions are now in graves, which at last day
Like Mandrakes shall rise shrieking. *Fla.* Leaye your prating,
For these are but grammatical laments,
Feminine Arguments, and they move me,
As some in Pulpits move their Auditory
More with their exclamation, then sense
Of reason, or sound Doctrine. *Zan.* Gentle Madam,
Seem to consent, Only perswade him teach
The way to death; let him die first.

Vit. 'Tis good, I apprehend it,
To kill one's self is meat that we must take
Like Pills, not chew't but quickly swallow it;
The smart o'th wound, or weakness of the hand,
May else bring treble tortments, *Fla.* I have held it
A wretched and most miserable life,
Which is not able to die. *Vit.* O but frailty!
Yet I am now resolved, farewell affliction:
Behold *Brachian*, I that while you liv'd
Did make a flaming Altar of my heart
To sacrifice unto you; Now am ready
To sacrifice heart and all, Farewel *Zancho*.

Zan. How Madam? Do you think that ile outlive you?
Especially when my best self *Elaminto*

Goes the same voyage. *Fla.* O most loved *Mar!*

Zan. Only by all my love let me entreat you;

Since it is most necessary one of us

Do violence on our selves; let you or I

Be her sad pastor, teach her how to dy.

Fla. Thou dost instruct me nobly; take these pistols,
Because my hand is stain'd with blood already:

Vittoria Corombona.

Two of these you shall level at my breast,
Th'other 'gainst your own, and so we'll dye,
Most equally contented: But first swear
Not to outlive me, *Vit.* and *Zan.* Most religiously.

Fla. Then here's an end of me, fare-well day light
And O contemptible Physick! that dost take
So long a study, only to preserve
So short a life, I take my leave of thee.
These are two cupping glasses, that shall draw
All my infected blood out,
Are you ready? *Borb.* Ready.

*Shewing the
pistols.*

Fla. Whither shall I go now? O *Lucian* thy ridiculous Purgatory, to find *Alexander* the great cobling shoes, *Pompey* tagging points, and *Julius Caesar* making hair buttons, *Hannibal* selling blacking, and *Augustus* crying Garlick, *Charlemaigne* selling lifts by the dozen, and King *Pippin* crying Apples in a cart, drawn with one horse.

Whether I resolve to Fire, Earth, Water, Air.
Or all the Elements by scruples, I know not,
Nor greatly care, --- Shoot, shoot,
Of all deaths, the violent death is best,
For from our selves it steals our selves so fast,
The pain once apprehended, is quite past.

*They shoot, and
run to him and
tread upon him.*

Vit. What are you drop't

Fla. I am mix't with earth already: As you are Noble,
Perform your vows: and bravely follow me

Vit. Whither? to hell? *Zan.* To most assured damnation.

Vit. O thou most cursed devil. *Zan.* Thou art caught

Vit. In thine own Engine, I tread the fire out
That would have bin my ruine.

Fla. Will you be perjur'd? what a religious oath was *Six*, that
the Gods never durst swear by, and violate? O that we had such
an oath to minister, and to be so well kept in our Courts of Justice.

Vit. Think whither thou art going. *Zan.* And remember what
villanies thou hast acted. *Vit.* This thy death

Shall make me like a blazing ominous star,
Look up and tremble. *Fla.* O I am caught with a spring!

Vit.

Vittoria Casombona.

Vit. You see the Fox comes many times short home,
'Tis here prov'd true *Fla.* Kill'd with a couple of braches.

Vit. No fitter offering for the infernal Furies,
Then one in whom they raig'n'd, while he was living.

Fla. O, the ways dark and horrid ! I cannot see,
Shall I have no company ? *Vit.* O yes, thy sins
Do run before thee to fetch fire from hell,
To light thee thither.

Fla. O, I smell soot, most stinking soot ; the chimney is a fire ;
My liver's parboil'd, like Scotch holly-bread ;
There's a plumber laying pipes in my guts, it scaulds ;
Wilt thou out live me ? *Zan.* Yes ; and drive a stake
Through thy body ; for we'll give it out,
Thou didst this violence upon thy self.

Fla. O cunning Devils ? now I have try'd your love,
And doub'd all your reaches. I am not wounded : *Flaminio*
The pistols held no bullets : 'twas a plot *riseth.*
To prove your kindness to me ; and I live
To punish your ingratitude ; I know,
One time or other, you would find away,
To give me a strong potion, O men,
That lie upon your death-beds, and are hauntp
With howling wives ; near trust them, they'll re-marry.
Ere the worm pierce your winding-sheet ; ere the Spider
Make a thin curtain for your Epitaphs.

How cunning you were to discharge ? Do you practice at the
Artillery-yard ? Trust a woman ? never, never ; *Brachiano* be my
president : we lay our souls to pawn to the Devil for a little plea-
sure, and a woman makes the bill of sale. That ever man should
marry ! For one *Hypermetra* that sav'd her Lord and Husband,
forty nine of her Sisters cut their husbands throats all in one night.
There was a shole of virtuous horse-leeches.

Here are two other instruments. *Exit Lod. Gasp.*

Vit. Help, help

Fla. What noise is that ? ha ? false keys i'th Court.

Lod. We have brought you a Mask. *Fla.* A matachine it seems
By your drawn swords.

Church.

Vittoria Corombona.

Church-men turn'd revelers. *Gas. Isabella! Isabella!*

Lod. Do you know us now? *Fla.* Lodovico and Casserio!

Lod. Yes; and that Moor die Duke gave pension to:
Was the great Duke of Florence! *Fla.* O we are lost.

Fla. You shall not take Justice from torch my hands;
O let me kill her. — He cut my safety

Through your coats of steel, Fate's a Spaniel;

We cannot beat it from us: what remains now?

Let all that do ill, take this president:

Man may his fate foresee, but not prevent.

And of all Axioms this shall win the prize,

'Tis better to be fortunate than wise.

Gas. Bind him to the pillar. *Fla.* O your gentle pity!

I have seen a black-bird that would sooner fly

To a mans bosom, than to stay the gripe

Of the fierce Sparrow-hawk. *Gas.* Your hope deceives you.

Fla. If Florence be'th Court, he would not kill me.

Gas. Fool! Princes give rewards with their own hands,

But death or punishment by the hands of others.

Lod. Sirrah you once did strike me, he strike you

Unto the Center.

Fla. Thoul't do it like a hangman; a base hangman;

Not like an noble fellow, for thou see'st;

I cannot strike again. *Lod.* Dost laugh?

Fla. Wouldst have the die, as I was born in whining?

Gas. Recommend your self to heaven.

Fla. No I will carry mine own commendations thither.

Lod. Oh could I kill you forty times a day,

And us't four year together, I were too little!

Nought griev's but that you are so slow to feed

The famish of our vengeance. What dost think on?

Fla. Nothing of nothing; leave thy idle questions;

I am i'th way to study a long silence,

To prate were idle I remember nothing,

There's nothing of so infinite vexation

As mans own thoughts. *Lod.* O thou glorious strumpet,

Could I divide thy breath from this pure air

Victoria Corombona.

When't leaves thy body, I would suck it up; or I would nom-drowd
And breath't upon some dunghill. *King.* You, my Death-man;
Me thinks thou dost not look horrid enough;
Thou hast too good a face to be a bangman;
If thou be, do thy office in right form;
Fall down upon thy knees, and ask forgiveness.

Lod. O, thou hast been a most prodigious comen;
But ile cut off your train; kill the Moor first;

Vir. You shall not kill her first; behold my breast;
I will be waited on in death; my servant
Shall never go before me.

Gas. Are you so brave?
Vir. Yes I shall wellcome death
As Princes do, some great Embassadors; Ile meet thy weapon
half way.

Lod. Thou dost tremble?

Me thinks, fear should dissolve thee into air;

Vir. O, thou art deceiv'd; I am too true a woman;

Conceit can never kill me; Ile tell thee what,

I will not in my death shed one hair's fear;

Or if look pale, for want of blood, not fear.

Gas. Thou art my task, black Fury; I have blood
As red as either of theirs? wilt drink some?

'Tis good for the falling sickne's; I am proud;

Death cannot alter my complexion;

For I shall nere look pale.

King. Strike, strike,
With a Joine motion.

Vir. I was a ready blow

The next thou giv'st, murder some sucking Infant;

And then thou wilt be famous.

Fis. O, what blade's't thou?

A Toledo, or an English Fox;

I ever thought a Cudgel should distinguish

The cause of my death, rather than a Doctor.

Search my wound deeper; it enters with the steel that made it.

Vir. O! my greatest sin lay in my blood;

Now my blood paves for't.

Fis. Th'art a noble sister

I love thee now; if woman do breed man

Shee ought to teach him manhood: Fare thee well,

Know, many glorious women that be fam'd

For masculine vertue, have been vicious;

Only

Vittoria Corombona.

Onely a happier silence did betide them :

Shee hath no faults, who hath the art to hide them :

Vir. My soul, like to a ship in a black storm,

Is driven, I know not whither. *Fla.* Then cast anchor.

" Prosperity doth betwitch men seeming cleer,

" But seas, do laugh, shew white, when rocks are near.

" We cease to grieve, cease to be fortunes slaves,

" Nay cease to dye by dying. Art thou gon?

And thou so near the bottom : false report,

Which says that women vie with the nine Muses,

For nine tough durable lives : I do not look

Who went before, nor who shall follow me ;

No, at my self I will begin and end.

" While we look up to heaven we confound

" Knowledge with knowledge. O, I am in a mist.

Vir. O happy they that never saw the Court,

" Nor ever knew great Men but by report. *Vittoria dyeth*

Fla. I recover like a spent taper, for a flash

And instantly go out.

Let all that belong to Great men remember th' old wives traditi-

on, to be like the Lyons ith' Tower on Candlemas day, to mourn :

if the Sun shine, for fear of the pitiful remainder of winter to

come.

'Tis well yet, there's some goodness in my death,

My life was a black charnel : I have caught

An everlasting cold. I have lost my voice

Most irrecoverably : Farewell glorious vallains ;

" This busie trade of life appears most vain,

" Since rest breeds rest, where all seek pain by pain.

Let no harsh flating Bells resound my knell,

Strike thunder, and strike lowd to my farewell. *dyeth.*

Enter Embassador and Giovanni.

Eng. E. This way, this way, break open the doors, this way.

Lod. Ha are we betraid?

Why then let's constantly dye all together,

And having finisht' this most noble deed,

Defie the worst of fate ; not fear to bleed.

Vittoria Corombona.

Eng. Keep back the Princes, shoot, shoot.

Lod. O, I am wounded.

I fear I shall be ta'en. Gio. You bloody villains,

By what authority have you committed

This Massacre? Gio. by mine. Lod. Thine! Gio. Yes.

Lod. Thy Uncle, which is part of thee, enjoyn'd us to't:

Thou know'st me I am sure, I am Count Lodowick,

And thy most noble Uncle in disguise

Was last night in thy Court, Gio. Ha!

Gaf. Yes, that Moor thy father chose his pensioner.

Gio. He turn'd murderer?

Away with them to prison, and to torture;

All that have hands in this, shall taste our Justice,

As I hope heaven. Lod. I do glory yet,

That I can call this act mine own: For my part

The rack, the gallows, and the torturous wheel

Shall be but sound sleeps to me, here's my rest:

"I limb'd this night-piece and it was my best.

Gio. Remove the bodies, see my honoured Lord,

What use you ought make of their punishment.

Let guilty men remember their black deeds,

Deacons awarishet, made of slender reeds,

Hec fuerint vobis praeuia, si placuit.

F I N I S.